

JOHN BULL



"Odol please: it's safest...it cleans our
teeth without damaging the enamel"

Odol TOOTH PASTE
in tubes 6 and 14

Odol is British Made



Garland

FOR SMALL TRADERS,
SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY.
COCHRANE & Sons help you to make money.
Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art. Silk
Hose, 7/11 doz. Ladies' Aprons Overall, 4/11 doz.
Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. Boys' Sports Hose,
4's to 8's 4/6 doz. Quarter Dozens supplied.
Good profits can be made. Come and see us or
write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale
Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare
time, every kind; good profits; 192-page Cata-
logue free. MAY (1933). George St., Birmingham.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners
for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery
(wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A, 39,
Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

84-PAGE 1933 Wholesale's Drapery Catalogue
Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of
Quality and Value. Keenest prices. All Depts.
Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household, Boots and
Shoes. Sat. s. gntd. Wholesale only to the trade.
Myers & Co. (L. & E.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

TRADERS, Marketmen, Beginners, etc. Sell
our Drapery Remnants and build up a good
business for yourselves. Cotton Blouses, Wool
Blankets, Towels, etc. Catalogue free. Traders
must send trade card. Beginners state business.
—Write to R. Lonsdale & Son, Ltd., Dept. J.B.,
59, Whitworth Street, Manchester.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

TURN YOUR SPARE TIME
INTO CASH!!

A Genuine offer to
John Bull readers.

There's extra money waiting for
you through Messrs. Freeman's cele-
brated Spare Time Agency. Cash
or credit trade in Boots, Gent's and
Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats,
Costumes and Underwear, Carpets,
Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bi-
cycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks,
China, Toys, Baby Cars, etc. Largest
stock in the Trade. Men in
regular employment appointed
agents on most generous terms.
Absolutely no outlay. Liberal supply
of samples and illustrated
Catalogues.

Write NOW for particulars,
mentioning John Bull.
FREEMAN'S.
Lavender Hill, London.

**BE 22'S TO THE GOOD! EARN EXTRA
MONEY THE IDEAL WAY! GET JOHN
NOBLE'S STUPENDOUS NEW CATALOGUE.**
JUST PUBLISHED. Truth in Advertising
backed by Honesty in Service. ORGANISERS
WANTED FOR THE IDEAL CLUB. Big com-
mission, little trouble, no expense. Super-
bargains! Over 60 years' reputation for value
and service. SEND P.C. NOW for 394-page
wonder catalogue and parties. Never has so con-
vincing a catalogue been available to club
organisers. never has one offered grander
bargains to club members! POST TO-DAY!
JOHN NOBLE, LTD. (Dept. A7), M'CHESTER.

50/- BONUS and Commission paid on 20
weeks club. You can earn bigger money by
becoming a "Britannic" Agent for 1/- weekly
clubs. Commission paid weekly. Send P.C. for
Catalogue. 208 pages. Bedding, Furniture, Footwear,
Drapery, etc.—Britannic Household Supply Co.,
Ltd. (Dept. 90), Cheetwood Rd., Manchester, 8.

£2 CASH BONUS and Half Profit Selling
1/- lines. Either sex, anywhere. WRITE NOW
for FREE samples and start earning b's money
straight away.—SWAFFER, LTD., BRISTOL, 1.

CLUB AGENTS.—£5 Commission earned on
20-week 1s. clubs: furniture, clothing, boots,
drapery, etc.; comm. pd. wlv. Write for free
Catalogue.—Valco Supply Co., 146B, Briggate, Leeds.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—COMMERCIAL and
PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL
training to standard R.A.O. Certificate at the
lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening Free Em-
ployment Dept. Call (9-7) or write. THE
BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVEN-
TRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner
Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

A PAYING Profession. Become a certified
Chiropractor. Write partia. Home Study Course,
3, School of Surgical Chiropractic, Leatherhead.

POLICE.—For details of openings, pay and
promotion in all Town and Country Forces (ages
19-27, bright over 5' 9"), write for Free Police
Handbook, B.T.I., (Dept. 602), 25, Oxford St., W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (No experience re-
quired.) Commerce over £4 per week. Ages 17-23.
Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance
Exam., B.I.E.T., (Dept. 137), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age
limits, salaries, entrance Exam., etc., for all
branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15
upward) write for Free Handbook to B.T.I.,
(Dept. 171), 25, Oxford Street, W.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Proposed Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than 10.30 on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements
inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London
Suburban 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small
Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for
Prospectus 60, Sutton's & Dickson, 223, High
Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING.—Lowest Prices. Handbills, Bill-
heads, Menus, Catalogues, Price-lists, Dis-
count Books, etc. Samps. 2d.—Meads, 168, Sandy.

BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES. 11 lb. 4/6. For
Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4. Colours from 2/11
lb. post free. Patts. Wool, Berge, Tweeds.
Exton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 21d. per roll.
Send for patterns post free. — West Riding
WALLPAPER CO., 53, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOLS.—Silky 1d. Sports 1d. oz. Crochet
21d., 6-fold Rug 2d. Turkish 1/3d. Cable 1/4d.
Thurms 21d. lb. P.O. brings 500 sps. free.—Spotis
Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

PIANO-ACCORDIAN. Concertina, Cabinet,
Mandolin, Xylophone, Gram., Jaz. Ukulele,
Banjo, Terms, Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich.

A CRANE for 15/6 down. See p. 14.
Free Cat. No. 200 brings full parties.

DRESS.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespun, direct
from makers; best quality only; patterns free.
Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Starnway.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES. 22/-
18 Home-made garments. Worth 21. Handmade
Shawl, Robes, Day Gown, Flannel, Terry Nap-
kins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats,
etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use.
Purchasers state: "These materials alone would
cost them more." "Excellent Mothers' and 2/-
for parcel on request. (Bal. cash or term).—Mrs.
J. HOWARD, 64, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA Direct From Blenders. Superior Indian
and Ceylon. Specially Blended. Orders only in
price 6 lb. 11/-, carry paid. Trial order will
satisfy. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, Ldn., E.15.

**"I NEVER REALISED
A WORLDWIDE CLUB WOULD
MEAN SO MUCH TO ME!"**

"I have added
pounds to my income."

Such remarks are often heard from Organisers of "World-
wide" Clubs. The ease with which these Clubs are formed,
the good commission and extra profit-share, together with
the wonderful bargains offered in our Catalogues, make our
Organisers really enthusiastic. Many Organisers run two,
three and more Clubs at once.

Any man or woman who knows a few people can run a
"Worldwide" Club in their spare time, and the following
extracts from letters from our happy Organisers illustrate
their success:

Mrs. D. E. (London): "My members are most eager to
join again."

Mr. F. T. H. (Rhodesia): "Your goods are selling me
more members each time."

Mrs. M. W. (Co. Antrim): "Thank you for commission
received. I am glad to start another Club for you."

The amazing success of our business is mainly due to the
friendly relations which exist between us and our Organisers,
the high quality of our goods, our splendid service and our
well-known guarantee—"Satisfy the Customer."

POST THIS
COUPON TO-DAY.

You will be under no obligation.



Branch of J. D. Williams
& Co. Ltd.
(the great Mail Order
House).
Established 1875.

TO: WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES.

Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me, free, your large illustrated Catalogue and interesting
booklet "Opportunity" which tells me how I can make my spare
time profitable.

NAME

ADDRESS

J.B.15

(Send in unsealed envelope—1d. stamp only required.)

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
CHARLES ST MANCHESTER 1

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 21d. roll.
New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne
Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

BUGS Given Away! Turn to John Bull's
"Shop Window" (page facing) and read the
offer of F. Hodgson & Sons.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 21d.
Latest designs now ready. Write for FREE book.
Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

CYCLISTS! You can have an Electric Lamp,
Bell, Carrier and Reflector FREE. See Memoirs.
Ed. O'Brien's ad., page facing.

WALLPAPER.—Wonder Book of Patterns for
1933 sent post free. All papers English Made.—
Write to the original mail order firm.—Blakey
Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 66-68,
London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

FREE.—A handsome 26-p. illus. Cat. is offered
in the ELWICK CYCLE advt. on p. 22.

GARDENING.

NOW'S the time to get that Garden Shed.
Take your choice from the advt. in the "Shop
Window," facing this page.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOS. Motors, Arms, Speakers, Horns,
Parts, Springs, Repairs Radio. Discount allowed.
List free.—Regentbull, 130, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

CHEAP TEA! CHEAP TEA!
Is injurious to your health. Buy Better Tea
Cheaper. At Wholesale Prices Direct from the
Actual Makers. "Golden Digestive Tea Tips,"
4 lb. 6/-, 8 lb. 10/-, carry paid. Sells, gntd.—
Invicta Tea Tips, 41, Brecknock Rd., London, W.7.

TEA.—Choice Indian and Ceylon Blended, at
Wholesale Prices. Loose or Packeted. Large
or Small quantities. Send for price list and
samples. Fowler's, Dane Place, Bow, Ldn., E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets
are a specialist's Positive and Permanent cure.
They cure most violent cases by calmly removing
the very cause of the worm's existence. No
fasting. No loss of interference with daily
habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 11d.
stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co.,
24-26, Colmar, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy,
proved by thousands. Write, the Stanley
Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. Kidney Trouble, etc.,
cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/2, 2/-, 3/-,
etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, 80, 82.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful
Hemorrhoid Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor
appliance. Send 11d. stamp for Free Booklet
on this remarkable discovery.—Hemorrhoid Labora-
tories, 1, Ramadan Road, London, S.W.13.

INFLUENZA.—Vaccines gives quicker
relief and prevents complications.—Write
for free Booklet No. 200 to Allen & Hanbury,
144, London, E.C.3.

NEUROSES.—If you suffer from weak
Nerves, Depression, Worry, Morbid Fears, Shy-
ness, etc., send 1d. for my Book on "Nerves."
M. J. Harris (J.B.16), 61, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

TURN to Mr. Shadforth's Free Gift offer of a
2/6 book of his famous Prescriptions, which will
be sent FREE to every reader who orders any
of the Prescriptions appearing in the advt. on
p. 14. The valuable prescriptions will save you
many a doctor's bill, because they are moderately
priced.

SUFFERERS from HEMORRHOIDS should
not overlook the Pyllina offer on p. 34.

A FREE SAMPLE of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent
Lenses for Acidity and Indigestion is offered
on p. 22. Use the coupon.

RESUMATIC SUFFERERS should not over-
look the Bode's Pill offer on p. 29. A free book-
let can be obtained on application to the ad-
dress in this advt.

FREE.—The antiseptic properties of "EU-
THERAL" TOOTH PASTE keep dental decay
at bay. A free 7-day gift tube is offered to
readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on
p. 22.

NERVE SUFFERERS can obtain a sample and
book explaining Dr. Muller's preparation. This
offer appears on p. 41.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS can obtain a FREE
SAMPLE of "RAE-WAN." See p. 35.

WRITE for interesting booklet explaining the
benefits of **PHILLIPS' PURE LIVE
YEAST**. For Indigestion, Nervous Depression,
and Rheumatism. Phillips' Yeast works wonders.
It also regulates and tones the entire system
and eliminates the causes of most ailments.
For further valuable information send for the
booklet. Address: Phillips' Yeast Products,
124 (Dept. 25), Park Royal Road, London,
N.W.10. See advt. on p. 27.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST Payers paid for Jewellery, Diamonds,
Furniture, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental
Furniture, Valuable property, etc.
Cash up the same day. Small Cash per return.
Dentist & Co., 10, New Road St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind of Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Dia-
monds, Old Faint Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought.
Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

SAVE MONEY ON EVERYTHING YOU BUY!
—Order through John Bull's "Shop Window,"
page facing.

A FREE TRIAL PACKET of "Bondman"
Rough and Tumble will be sent on receipt of
a p.c. addressed to Richard Lloyd and Sons,
Holborn Tobacco Factory, 53, Clerkenwell Rd.,
London, E.C.1. This offer appears on p. 16.

PROVIDE for your future comfort and indepen-
dence by the Pearl Way. You can secure a cash
sum for any selected period by a plan of simple
payments. For full parties, simply fill in the
coupon on page 18.

READERS' attention is drawn to "SILF"
Co.'s advt. on page 18. If unable to obtain from
chemist or druggist, supplies can be secured
by sending the remittance to the address given
in the advertisement.

"A New Way of Living" is the title of a
booklet which will be sent free on application to
The Housing Co., Ltd., Bush House, London,
W.C.2. Simply send a p.c. Mention John Bull
when writing. The offer appears on p. 27.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the STORK
advt. on p. 26 for a 26-page Cookery Book.

FREE.—250 first prize and hundreds of other
cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of
"Diamonds" Chance for the best last line to
the Diamond appearing in the advt. on p. 31.
Send Rhymes are given to assist competitors.
Read conditions carefully. Send in your entry
now.

FREE LEAFLET.—how to use "ROBBIALAC"
on (1) Cycles or Motor-Cycles. (2) Cars. Send
p.c. for the one you need to Robbialac Works
(Dept. 1, J.B.1), Stratford, E.15. See offer on
p. 24.

FREE.—A de Luxe beauty outfit of LOKALON
Skin Food, Creams, etc., is offered in the advt.
on p. 34.

FREE.—The "Trex" Cookery Book, contain-
ing 100 really useful everyday recipes. Simply
send 2d. in stamps to J. Bibby & Sons, Ltd.,
(Dept. W.13), King Edward St., Liverpool. See
advt. on p. 28.

BABY-CLOTHES
30/-

**WASH SHORT
LEGGERS, or USUAL
LONG-CLOTHES**
Guaranteed as sold for 50/-
on 100 Yds. Everything Included!
100 Yds. of Wash Short Leggers, 100 Yds. of Wash
Long-Clothes, 100 Yds. of Wash Shorties, 100 Yds. of Wash
Ties, 100 Yds. of Wash Handkerchiefs, 100 Yds. of Wash
Socks, 100 Yds. of Wash Undershirts, 100 Yds. of Wash
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of Wash Cuffs,

THORN SALE

GARDEN SHEDS FROM 26

OR 26 CASH CARR. PD.

A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

Complete ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. 4-in. planned weatherboards. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshop, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment.

Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long	Wide	High	Cash Sale Price	3/2 Monthly
4ft.	6ft.	4ft.	£1.17.6	or 4/6 Monthly
6ft.	8ft.	6ft.	£2.11.0	or 6/6 Monthly
8ft.	10ft.	8ft.	£3.12.6	or 8/6 Monthly

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GAGGED and BOUND M.P.s



King Charles the First still rules in Westminster; his dead hand still frustrates the living men who are trying to do their job of running the country



a quorum, so the Bill was killed.

Then there is the extraordinary way Parliament transacts its financial business. It often spends hours—whole sittings—debating fervently some trifling matter of £10,000 or £20,000.

Then, next day, it will vote £100,000,000 for half a dozen of the State Departments without uttering a single word. M.P.s will just tramp half a dozen times through the lobby to record their votes—and the £100,000,000 will be sanctioned!

You find the same anomaly at Question Time. A whole string of trifling questions—about imported cosmetics, a theatre star, or the affairs of some parish council—will be asked, yet serious questions concerning vital matters of State will be crowded out by "lack of time."

M.P.s are not entirely to blame for this daily burlesque at Westminster. Their enthusiasm for their job is strangled by the Dead Hand which rules Parliament's procedure and machinery. They are gagged and bound by obsolete rules, some of which date from the time of Charles the First.

That is why the new Experts' Committee, instead of being told merely to patch up the Standing Orders, should be ordered to turn the whole of Parliament's procedure inside out and make the place the real workshop of the Empire.

To begin with, the House should meet at a sensible hour—say ten or eleven in the morning—and rise early in the evening. Instead of that it does not meet till a quarter to three—after M.P.s have done a day's work in their businesses or professional occupations, and so they reach the House with tired and second-hand minds.

AND not content with lingering on till 11 p.m.—the official hour of rising—they often decide—for clever tactical reasons—to sit on till one, two, three, four or five o'clock in the morning.

How, in circumstances like that, can proper consideration be given to legislation on which perhaps the lives or fortunes of millions of people depend?

To give them their due, most of the M.P.s who get elected do want to work hard and do their best for the people who elected them. But at

Westminster they enter the atmosphere of an opium den. They find all their enthusiasm denied an outlet because of this Standing Order drawn up in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that "safeguard" established in the early days of Victoria, and so on.

THEY find that if they want to ventilate some grievance, they are "out of order." If they seek to challenge an obviously outrageous item of expenditure, their Whip—if they are on the Government side—tells them they must not do it because under the rules of the House they could only carry their point by defeating the Government!

And if by a lucky chance they should introduce a Bill they have been cherishing for years—nine times out of ten it is strangled at birth by this same antiquated procedure.

A stupid anachronism that should be blown sky-high is the machinery for regulating the introduction of Private Members' Bills.

Opportunities are given to about twelve Members in the early part of each session to introduce Bills which they have drafted or sponsored. Some of these are very valuable measures; others are just silly.

But how does our dignified Parliament select the twelve M.P.s who are to be allowed to introduce their Bills? Not by considering the relative merits of the Bills. Not even by estimating how much each Bill is likely to commend itself to the general sense of the House.

NO. What happens is that Mr. Speaker and the Clerk of the House, in their wigs and gowns, solemnly conduct a ballot—in the full session of the House—by drawing little bits of paper from a box. On each bit of paper is the name of a Member. And the Members who are lucky enough to be drawn are those who introduce their Bills.

Some of our rulers shudder at the thought of sweepstakes. Yet as a method of conducting the legislative affairs of the greatest Parliament in the world they think it admirable!

Parliament now has a chance to restore its self-respect and win back its rightful place in the esteem of the nation as the centre of our prized democratic system.

Parliaments in other countries have crumbled. Dictatorships have sprung up to crush them down.

Unless our Parliament saves itself it will play into the hands of those fanatics who would like to set up a dictatorship here.

HOW much longer will the Parliament we elected to govern our lives in enlightened 1935 be ruled and hampered by the dead hand of the dark and distant past?

The question must be frankly asked and answered, because far too little notice is being taken of the Committee of Experts the Prime Minister and Mr. Speaker have set up to bring up to date the Standing Orders that regulate the procedure at Westminster.

One thing is certain—unless something is done, and done soon, Parliament is in danger of earning the contempt both of the country and its elected representatives.

As it is, more than one-half of the M.P.s regularly stay away from the House. Hundreds of them only take the trouble to vote in about half the divisions. Some have not voted at all this session. Others have been absent seven times out of eight.

There are some who have not spoken one single word in the House since they were elected eighteen months ago.

Recently the important question of helping the Distressed Areas was raised. There were only fifteen M.P.s present. Then, when Mr. Hall Caine introduced his Bill to help the police catch motor bandits and empower magistrates to have them gagged, the House was "counted out." There were fewer than the forty Members necessary for

Parents who Shouldn't Have Been Prosecuted

SOME of our local education authorities are badly in need of a little education themselves. That would teach them to stop bringing outrageous prosecutions against parents for the trivial offence of not sending very small children long distances to school. There has been a whole crop of such prosecutions lately.

Six miles a day

The epidemic reached the high-water mark of absurdity last week, when a Bridlington father was solemnly haled before the magistrates for not sending his tiny daughter of six to a school three miles away.

If he had done so the child, who had been taught at home to read, write, knit and sew by its mother, would have had to walk six miles a day to and from school along a busy road that has no footpath.

The road is so dangerous that the chairman of the Bench said he wouldn't allow a child to travel on it unaccompanied, and he adjourned the case for a month.

Besides, should an infant of six be expected to trudge six miles a day?

Indignant parents

Or take the case of the parents in a Buckinghamshire village who went "on strike" the other day.

The nearest school is just over two miles away. Because it is less than two and a half miles the local authorities refuse to send a conveyance, except for three children who live further afield.

But why shouldn't the same conveyance pick up the other children? No wonder the parents are indignant!

Prosecution mania

We don't pretend that it is a hardship for a healthy child of twelve to walk a mile or so to school.

But we do say that very young children should not be expected to walk two or three miles along traffic-crowded roads, or footpaths that sometimes resemble a quagmire.

And we say that it is high time the offending authorities were cured of their mania for prosecuting parents.

Pigsty schools

They would be better advised to take action against the unhealthy and dangerous schools we have so often condemned.

Our protests have just been endorsed by the National Union of Teachers, whose annual conference discussed rat-infested schools, those without proper sanitation, and similar horrors.

An ex-president of the Union stated that there are 1,200 schools which should not continue in use, and hundreds more that should be improved.

Yet we never hear of prosecutions against the authorities responsible for this disgraceful state of affairs.

The widows suffer

Widows drawing war pensions are complaining that, without any warning, they are being called upon to pay income tax on their pensions.

Here's the reason. Up to the Emergency Budget of 1931, such pensions were exempt up to £162 a year, but the limit was then reduced to £125.

Though that was eighteen months ago, the revenue officials have just discovered the fact; another glaring instance of official muddle—and sleepiness.

Is it worth it?

The Budget makes provision for £180,000 for Secret Service work this year.

The Treasury refuses to give any details of how the money is expended, and when M.P.s try to debate this item they are always ruled out of order and not allowed to say a word.

Yet those who ought to know have stated that spying in peace time is not worth the money.

Isn't it time it was stopped?

Tax snoopers

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has set aside a sum to reward the people who run to the income-tax authorities

Taxing the Widow's Mite More Money for Income Spies



Three miles of daily danger—what father wants his child to face such a risk?

with stories about their neighbours' incomes.

M.P.s have warned him that the system plays into the hands of blackmailers who can demand "hush money" with the power of the State behind them.

But Mr. Chamberlain still insists that these spies do less harm by blackmail than they do in bringing to light cases of tax evasion.

The police could tell him a very different story.

Trivial

Fifteen months ago a London coster sold a few oranges to a woman passer-by. It was after eight p.m., and so he infringed the Shop Hours Act.

The coster has just been charged with the offence. He said he couldn't remember the incident; he had been in Wales for some time, and he hadn't so good a memory as the police. But he was fined 10s.

Why was such a trivial charge proceeded with after fifteen months?

Never give in!

Has a man "under sentence of death by a doctor" the right to end his life? "A very moot point," says the East Lancashire coroner.

He was holding an inquest on a young Colne man who had killed himself after being in ill-health for years and been given no hope of recovery by his doctor.

The coroner might have gone a little further. Doctors are often wrong. Anyway, the brave live on. To-day's despair is to-morrow's hope.

Puzzling

John William Collister is serving seven years' penal servitude in Maidstone Prison for attempted murder. He has just been ordered by the Manx High Court to pay £55, the amount spent on poor law relief for his wife and children.

We should now like the Manx High Court to explain how he can possibly pay it.

Child "bookies"

How many children are being used as decoys by unscrupulous street book-makers?

A sixteen-year-old girl has been charged at South Shields with having betting slips in her possession. She said she had taken bets for neighbours, and her mother admitted having sent

her to a bookmaker with bets. The girl was discharged; the mother merely admonished.

There is no doubt that even younger children are used as go-betweens. We hope that in future cases the mothers will be put in the dock.

Unfair fares

Naval ratings have a genuine grouse. Men whose homes are in the North are often paid off for their annual leave at southern ports, and vice versa.

This may be unavoidable, but it isn't easy for men with wives and children and earning only a few shillings a day to find the large amount needed for the fare home.

We remember that they used to be entitled to travel free of charge. This privilege should obviously be restored.

Man's ingratitude

Mean and despicable.

That is all we can say about the two homeless Glasgow youths who stole shoes and an overcoat from a man who had given them a night's shelter, and for which they have gone to jail for three weeks.

But we hope that kindly man won't be embittered by his experience. There may be nothing so base as man's ingratitude, but ingratitude is the exception and not the rule.

The cost of children

Several women's organisations are going to ask the Minister of Health, Sir Hilton Young, to let public birth-control clinics give advice to the wives of workless men.

At present the clinics supported by public funds are not supposed to give this information unless it is necessary to prevent a woman's life or health being endangered.

The Minister must be reminded that unemployed people simply can't afford to look after bigger families properly without going short themselves.

Too good to be true

An advertisement in a London newspaper asks those "interested in writing" to contribute to a racing publication. What is wanted is a "paragraph" of 1,000 words and a contribution of £20 towards the "enterprise."

The latter word seems well chosen for a return of £20 within four weeks so optimistically suggested as part of the proceeds from sales.

We have heard of many get-rich-quick racing schemes, but never a suggestion that there is easy money in racing journalism. We advise those "interested

in writing" to stick to the ordinary market prices.

On the spree

How some housewives must be chuckling!

In a moorland retreat in Yorkshire, members of the Ancient Order of Hen-pecked Husbands met last week for their annual "burst of freedom from nagging wives," as they call it.

The president proclaimed new laws, which include "a night out once a week, more pocket-money, and less dishwashing."

But if they are so timid that they have to meet in secret, will they have the courage to carry out these laws?

House-hunting

Alderman Watkins, of Sheffield, met a man carrying a baby and asked if he was taking it to be christened. "No," said the man, "I'm taking it to the town hall to have him registered for a house."

Perhaps the alderman was giving his imagination a joy-ride, but he succeeded in getting his council to pass a resolution condemning the Government's housing policy.

So Sheffield agrees with us that what is wanted is less talk and more action from Whitehall.

Prompt action

It is good to see that Frank Holmes, the Manchester boy who showed such presence of mind when he saw a man kneeling on a railway line, has been commended by the Altrincham magistrates.

Holmes realised that a train was due and, running down the line, himself altered a signal to danger, thereby saving the man's life.

The man—a would-be suicide—afterwards regretted his action, and perhaps his regrets are Holmes' best reward.

Dirty work

A woman is alleged to have persuaded a Liverpool barman to sell her a sweepstake ticket by showing him a Roman Catholic holy picture and saying, "Now you know you can trust me. I shan't do you any harm."

But the woman was a police spy and the barman was fined £2.

We agree with counsel that such methods of trapping people are certainly diabolical. If only in justice to the reputation of the Liverpool police, they should be stopped at once.

Now we know

While a Salford ex-soldier was undergoing in-patient treatment, 19s. a week was deducted from his pension.

The Ministry of Pensions tell us, by way of explanation, that treatment allowances are "subject to such conditions as the Minister may determine."

Cheeseparing conditions, no doubt. Certainly, in view of this and many similar cases, no one will be surprised that the Ministry Estimates for the current financial year have been reduced by £2,000,000.

Luck on his side

The conduct of the Rev. Arthur Dyfrig James was described in court at Oxford as callous. "Damnable" would have been a better word.

When motoring, he knocked down an elderly man cyclist, whose shoulder-blade and three ribs were broken. Then the parson drove on and went to the cinema.

Now he has had to pay £4 18s. 6d. in fines and costs. Cheap, wasn't it?

Free—at last

We are glad to see that David Greenwood has been released after serving fifteen years in jail for the murder of Nellie Trew on Eltham Common.

As the late Mr. Edgar Wallace pointed out in JOHN BULL nearly four years ago, Greenwood was convicted against the weight of the evidence. Certainly he should have been given the benefit of a very grave doubt long ago.

TRUTH AT LAST ABOUT—

This worker in a model bakery is protected against the harmful effects of so-called "improvers." Not until all such workers are safeguarded will the spectre of suffering be banished from the bakehouse.



THE public conscience demands that all workers engaged in any branch of the food industry should be perfectly healthy. The very thought of our bread being touched by diseased hands is utterly repulsive.

Yet—despite all that has been done to combat it—there is to-day a dread disease that afflicts thousands of workers in our bakeries.

Several hundred cases of it have occurred throughout England and Wales during the past twelve months. As a consequence numerous sufferers have been out of employment for anything from one to six months or more. Many have been unable to return to the same work.

In the last three years my union alone has secured more than £15,000 in compensation to some of the victims.

This "hush-hush" disease is a special form of dermatitis. And all the misery and expense it entails is caused by the public demand for bread that is beautiful-looking and snow-white.

Bakers' eczema, or dermatitis, has been known for many years, but until recently its precise origin has remained a profound mystery.

The first symptoms are violent itching, usually on the hands and arms, followed by the appearance of large, blistering patches—ugly to look at. Later these symptoms may spread to other parts of the body. Soon the irritation and burning are insupportable, and the victim has to give up work.

Harmful "improvers"

EVERYONE ought to know that flour is not naturally pure white in colour. This appetising appearance is imparted to bread by bleaching the flour and the addition of "improving" mixtures, of which there are many on the market.

The exact composition of the mixtures added to flour in this way is a closely guarded trade secret; but I have always contended, although the millers strenuously deny it, that bakers' dermatitis is caused by some injurious chemical introduced into flour during the "improving" process.

Localised epidemics of the disease in different parts of the country have thoroughly puzzled the best medical men.

A year ago, for instance, many cases were reported in Liverpool; yet to-day the bakeries in that city are singularly free from the disease. And while, at the present time, a number of bakers in the London area are afflicted, a few years ago the disease was almost unknown in the Metropolis.

The long labours of a Ministry of Health expert, who collected evidence all over England, indicated that continued exposure to dust had the effect of creating impurities in the human system which made it peculiarly liable to dermatitis.

This theory was supported by the fact that

A DREAD BREAD Disease

by J. W. BANFIELD, M.P.

General Secretary of the Amalgamated
Union of Operative Bakers, Confectioners
and Allied Workers

bakers who had once contracted dermatitis were much more susceptible to the disease, even after an apparently complete cure, than others who had never contracted it.

The Medical Research Council also took up the problem some time ago, but nothing useful has, to my knowledge, resulted from its investigations.

It has remained for a foreign country to lay bare the secrets of this costly industrial malady that is sapping the life-blood of so many English workers.

Important evidence has now come to hand from Denmark which seems to settle once and for all how the disease originates. Incidentally, it entirely vindicates the theory, so energetically decried in certain interested quarters, that I have repeatedly put forward.

Dormant danger

EXPERIMENTS performed in Denmark have proved conclusively that bakers' dermatitis is due principally to a certain chemical called ammonium persulphate.

Not only have identical symptoms been produced artificially upon human subjects by the application of this chemical in powdered and liquid form, but it has been demonstrated that its continued action in the preliminary stages produces a state of sensitiveness of the skin rendering the victim liable to an outbreak of dermatitis should he be exposed subsequently to bleached flour, even after a long period has intervened.

Recovered cases of those who worked upon

pure flour experienced no relapse, but on continued contact with bleached flour dermatitis again appeared.

The mixtures added to flour by some few English millers are free from persulphate, but exhaustive analyses now published by the Danish experts have proved that the majority of "improving" additions, many of which are guaranteed harmless, do in fact contain a large proportion of this objectionable ingredient.

Disturbing as these undeniable facts are, the heartrending part of my story is yet to be told.

It will easily be appreciated by everyone that after a man has spent the best part of his working life in the bakery industry it is next to impossible, in these days of specialisation and competition, for him to get employment in any other trade.

Yet, to make a man's tragedy complete, many employers nowadays will not reappoint a man who has once contracted dermatitis, even though he is guaranteed to be cured. They fear that he is susceptible to the disease and will catch it again.

One man I know, typical of several recent cases, has spent thirty years in the bakehouse. He has had dermatitis three times. Now he cannot get a job anywhere.

He is honest, sober, and conscientious. But the grim reward of his lifetime of service has been an insidious disease, acquired in doing his work, which now prevents him from getting employment again. To make matters worse, his wife has broken down under the strain of trying to make ends meet.

Banish it!

CAN nothing be done to end this scandalous kind of victimisation?

When will the public realise that the snow-white bread they prefer so ardently is obtained at the cost of so much human suffering?

There is no necessity to bleach flour. It is not thereby made any purer. This demand for absolutely white bread is a stupid fancy, a competitive selling "stunt."

But, if the demand must be gratified, then every reasonable man will agree that the use of ammonium persulphate should be declared illegal, now that its responsibility for bakers' dermatitis has been established.

Legislation is required immediately to compel all millers and others to declare truthfully the composition of any addition whatever to pure flour.

Competent Government experts should check their statements by chemical analysis and rigorously prohibit any so-called "improvers" likely to be dangerous either to the public or the bakery workers.

Only in this way will the public health be adequately safeguarded, and that terrifying spectre of suffering and want banished for ever from the bakehouse.

Golden GOALS

ON Saturday Everton meet Manchester City at Wembley in the Final for the Cup—the most coveted prize in football.

And both these finalists will owe their presence there—before the King and other members of the Royal Family and the crowd of the football year—to goals worth £20,000 each, or a cool £40,000 per pair!

I have been studying football since I was old enough to understand it for the first time, and I have never ceased to wonder at the amazing fortunes—and misfortunes—of the game.

I have seen a puff of wind bestow prosperity on a team. I have seen a tuft of grass deflect a ball and so change the fortunes of a club that it has promptly torn up notices asking its players to forgo part of their salary and paid a handsome dividend to its shareholders—building a mammoth grandstand as a thank-offering to whatever little god of luck that made its fortune.

I have seen—and this season, at that—a three-inch error in shooting condemn one side to comparative poverty and bestow on the other a prosperity that will stand it in good stead for many a long year.

Deciding goals in Cup matches are always golden goals for the particular team that scores them—worth as much as £30,000 a shot to certain clubs I have in mind.

£20,000 kick

Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the trainers of our leading clubs work themselves to a standstill trying to get the last ounce of shooting efficiency out of their men, and that the un-understanding people who look on, not knowing that a single shot might one day be the turning-point of a club's career, decide that we take our sport too seriously?

Take the kick that got Everton through the first Cup round in which they played—the admission goal, it has proved, to the Final.

It was a very ordinary shot that

just beat the Leicester goalkeeper. But, proving the odd goal of the five that were scored, it was the one that mattered.

As a kick it was not worth a single word more of comment than I have given it already.

It beat the goalkeeper by little more than a foot.

So little importance was attached to it at the time that the cheer awarded it was no warmer or louder than cheers you get on any first-class football field any Saturday.

That was because nobody was to guess it was a £20,000 kick at that time.

Yet think what it has meant to Everton—and to Leicester.

The other side

Leicester City are now struggling for existence. Their early failure in the Cup competition by that one goal so disheartened their players and frightened off their supporters that they are struggling to keep their place in the First Division of the League.

And Everton...

Already they have taken a half-share of £15,537 paid to see them in Cup matches. And their share of the Cup Final receipts, win or lose, should net them at least another £6,000.

On top of which their ordinary League gates must have increased by another one-third in view of the added interest a team that is steadily winning its way through the successive rounds of the Cup always commands.

Leicester, humbled and saddened, must curse that very narrow margin that has meant so much to Everton—especially as they three times missed scoring golden goals of their own by much narrower margins.

On one occasion J. Campbell, their centre-forward, hit the crossbar with a scorching shot and missed scoring by three inches. On another occasion this player was tripped just as he looked certain of scoring and the free kick awarded brought no practical result.

Yet a third time, Sagar, the Ever-

ton goalkeeper, was completely beaten—and the ball just missed the net by inches again.

It all seems so very fickle—a fortune, a team's reputation, hanging on a single kick. Luck or ill-luck takes a hand in the combination of brain and foot that must send a ball speeding towards the net. A few inches will decide the result.

Manchester City, the other Cup finalists, have made even more money out of their Cup-tie successes, and have just as much reason to be thankful to whatever Fate decides, whether a ball will just score—and thus yield a golden goal—or just miss.

Valuable fluke

Already they have taken a half-share of £17,464 paid for admission to Cup matches in which they have been engaged. They, too, will take about £6,000 from the Cup Final receipts, win or lose. And they, too, have had augmented League gates as a result of their Cup success.

Yet in the very first Cup match they played this season it was their opponents—little Gateshead—who came nearest to scoring golden goals, grazing the crossbar time and time again.

Anything scored in that match, fluke or ultra-scientific volley following a brilliant run down the field, would have meant everything to the team scoring it, for the simple reason that it ended in a goalless draw, to be won by Manchester on the re-play.

Teams have often been saved by Cup Final success—success that has

often depended on a single goal scored in the early rounds.

I remember, once, how Aston Villa made a fortune because the ball slipped. That was twelve years ago, when they got to the Final, and the incident I am to relate occurred when they were playing Tottenham in an early round.

Tommy Clay, one of the safest players who ever kicked a ball, attempted to kick up the field when near the half-way line. The vast crowd watched almost listlessly, for the simple reason that mid-field play is rarely as interesting as the exciting duels one gets round the goal mouths.

But something happened as he kicked and the nimble Tottenham player cannot explain what to this day. His foot met the greasy ball apparently fairly and squarely. The crowd, hearing the thud of it, looked forward to watch its progress.

But it did not go forward—not even a foot. It swept round in a lightning semi-circle towards his own goal. The goalkeeper, hypnotised by the development, stood for a second like a man entranced. And before even he or anyone in the crowd could think, it was in the net.



The Human Machine

Vices in Disguise

WHOEVER first invited people to cultivate a "divine discontent" did a doubtful service to his fellow-men; for it is one of those facile phrases that need to be very well understood if they are not to be dangerous.

Are you discontented? You probably are, because discontent is the normal frame of mind of nine people out of ten. But if you were asked just why you were discontented, and invited to justify your attitude, you might find it a difficult question to answer—truthfully.

For most discontent is anything but "divine." It springs from nothing more noble than a distorted sense of values. It is based on nothing finer than the feeling that what you haven't got is infinitely more valuable and desirable than what you have.

If discontent is motivated by ambition, ambition with a purpose and a definite goal, that is another matter; but if it is merely the grown-up version of crying for the moon, it is a waste of energy and a frittering away of ability.

Divine discontent—never being satisfied because you know there are greater heights to be climbed, because you know that there is still greater perfection to be attained—is both understandable and desirable. Discontent that is merely the disguise for restlessness, envy and laziness has nothing whatever to commend it.

When you feel the little demons of discontent gnawing at your brain, sit down and have a quiet little think about it. Make perfectly sure that the itch is really ambition to get on, and not just an inability to appreciate simple things at their true worth.

For true happiness and real contentment do not consist of the massing of possessions. They rest on the ability to value rightly the possessions we already have.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content" may be an old philosophy of life. It is none the less a sound one.

of the CUP

—by—
"CORINTHIAN,"
 the famous football authority

Football Fortunes Won—and Lost by Inches



The ball speeds straight and hard—the goalie leaps, every muscle strained. . . . And if the ball beats the man it may be worth £20,000—to the other side!

And what is more, it was the only goal of the match—the golden first rung to the Final, a gift of many thousands of pounds from out of the lap of the gods.

Was there ever a fluke more valuable to a football club?

Yet another of these golden flukes—a famous instance—occurred in the 1927 Final, when Cardiff City by beating the Arsenal became the most popular League club that Wales has ever claimed.

There was only one goal in this match, and that was scored by Ferguson, the Cardiff centre-forward, who sent the ball not flying through the air but popping almost lazily along the ground towards the Arsenal goal mouth.

Lewis, who was between the posts, allowed his attention to be withdrawn from the progress of the ball by the fact that McLachlan, of Cardiff, was dashing towards him. The goalkeeper divided his attention between ball and player, with the result that the ball passed between his hands into the net.

As a result of that 1927 fluke victory Cardiff almost became a wealthy club.

Dreams come true

No one will ever forget the first Cup Final at Wembley, when West Ham met Bolton before a crowd including 20,000 people who swarmed the fences and broke into the ground. It was a single golden goal in the earlier stages that got West Ham there. And think what it meant to the team!

West Ham would have had to struggle desperately to keep their place in first-class football the following season—if it had not been for

that goal and the results it yielded. Whereas—well, West Ham's magnificent new grandstand is a memorial to the Cup-tie success that culminated in the storm scenes at Wembley and enabled them to put themselves on a financial footing that would have seemed to be beyond their wildest dreams earlier in the season.

Charlton, too, were once saved by a run of Cup-tie victories that followed a one-goal success. But that was long ago, and the benefits of it seem to have passed. This year they are poor both in money and unfortunate with injuries to players. They look like going down into the Southern League. Fate has denied them, this time, any £5,000, £10,000, or £20,000 goals that might have saved them.

Perhaps the strangest golden goal I ever saw—one which proved to be worth many thousands of pounds—was due to a trick of the wind.

A forward tried to shoot the ball into the net and miskicked, sending

it ballooning into the air instead, at such an angle that it seemed obvious it would miss the goal. But then the wind, which had hardly asserted itself at all during the game, took a hand.

Just as the goalkeeper was walking casually round the net to pick up the ball for a free-kick, a sudden gust took it round in a swerve right into the goal. The crowd said hard things about the goalkeeper—but not as hard as those he said about the wind.

There was a similar case of a goalkeeper saying "That's safe" to himself and taking things easily only last year, when Newcastle met the Arsenal for the Cup. Yet again it wasn't so safe as it looked, and a goal of great value resulted.

You will recall what a storm of controversy was raised afterwards

over that famous goal. For the first time in history, the news film camera was invoked as an "expert witness."

At the moment of this triumphing fluke I was dictating the course of the match to the shorthand writer of a great newspaper, and without pausing a second I declared that the ball had been out of play. It was so clear to the watchful critic.

Here is the truth about the incidents which led to that winning goal.

There was an attack on the Arsenal goal, and Boyd, the Newcastle outside-right, sent the ball over the line. But the referee did not notice that fact, and while the Arsenal goalkeeper and backs stood looking on in an amused way, in the belief that anything scored wouldn't count, the ball shot into the net.

The referee had failed to keep up with the fierce pace of the game and was not inside the penalty area when Richardson, the Newcastle inside-right, showing extraordinary pace, reached the ball and screwed it into the front of the Arsenal goal mouth, from a place at least two feet beyond the goal line.

The crowd yelled. The players waved their arms. Some of the more eager Arsenal enthusiasts all but broke blood vessels! But referees, alone, have to decide these things, and this one awarded a goal.

Time and time again in early Cup-tie matches goalkeepers have been deceived, by some sudden movement of a far-distant player, into taking their eyes off an approaching ball and in consequence giving the other side a goal that has rehabilitated it financially.

I hesitate to name the clubs that have actually been on the verge of bankruptcy when some chance shot of the kind I have described has put things right again. But they are many. And, what is more, they have included some of the most famous and now well-established teams.

One lucky goal . . .

There are some managers who could say, if they chose:

"We owe our existence, the fact that we are playing football at all, all the dividends we pay our shareholders and wages we pay our players, to a single goal scored some years ago."

Of course, they don't usually say so. They prefer to attribute success to steady, uniform brilliance.

Yet they know, in their heart of hearts, how often the success of even the best teams hinges on a single goal, a single degree of deflection, a single inch of direction when the ball hits the crossbar and hesitates about going over or under it.

On the other hand, there have been many cases where teams have scored goals which could not be described as golden.

There is, for example, the record case of Preston North End's Cup-tie victory over Hyde by 26 goals to nil.

That was a case of 25 goals which didn't matter.

And yet it will be found that in the great majority of Cup-tie matches, from the preliminaries to the Final, the team which scores first does not lose, and that first goal has been the golden goal.

There have been many such this season already. And there may be yet another instance on Saturday.



EVEN LION-TAMERS ARE SATISFIED

Bristles that frighten lions must yield to JIF. Wires wilt before such emollience, and under the moustache that rears for majesty it smooths the chin that stands for charm. Isn't it wonderful for SIXPENCE . . . ?

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THE SHAVE THAT SAVES THE SHEKELS!

7/7/34

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3

CASH THE
COUPONS

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to the Royal Academy's PRESIDENT

It's a Dull Show

—but I
LIKE IT

DEAR SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN.—A few years ago, breaking all precedent, you appointed a Press manager, no doubt feeling that the Royal Academy and all its works were not taken seriously enough in Fleet Street. Yet we want to help you—and Art. For years, I am afraid, we were not allowed to.

Well, the other day, wanting to obtain one or two facts to include in this Open Letter, I tried to call up the Press manager. The Royal Academy was not in the book. Burlington House was not in the book. The exchange put me on to a call office.

Then, thinking I remembered the secretary's name, I called up his private number, asking for his number at the Royal Academy. His private house was not allowed to give it.

"But I want to write something about the Royal Academy," I said, "and I want the publicity manager."

"He's got a number," I was told. "Will you give it to me?" I asked. "I cannot," I was told.

"But why is the publicity manager such a secret?" I pressed.

That was the end of it. I merely tell you this because it is typical of many things like the Royal Academy. You are not to blame. I have heard from several sources of your liberal-minded tendencies ever since you became President. You are a democrat in sympathy with the times. You would broaden a lot. Go on!

I noticed last year, for instance, that the prices of pictures were displayed in the rooms. Formerly they were all hidden away in a chained book that was secreted somewhere. Surprisingly we had to peep inside to find out the price, if we wanted to buy anything.

Now artists live not by having A.R.A. after their names, but by selling pictures; not by asking people in tall hats to look at their works on Show Sunday, but by selling them.

But before you arrived as President,

the salesmanship part was treated almost as though it were a degradation. You, on the other hand, have done all you could to help artists at a time when they were suffering almost more than anyone.

Last year it was, I believe, I saw a large photograph of the Hanging Committee at work. That was an idea!

This year, some newspaper was actually allowed to print a picture of part of the galleries being prepared for their opening. Gradually, you are destroying the Secrecy that was thought so sacred.

My dear Sir William, you and I know that in many, many ways the Royal Academy is centuries behind the times. At its annual banquet, which, not many years ago, was such a secret that I believe only the *Observer* and the *Times* were invited, there is still a toast list as long as your arm—you know, "The Armed Forces of the Crown," and all that sort of thing.

Modern artists still complain, and in spite of your efforts, I expect they will go on complaining, that the Hanging Committee is old-fashioned in its point of view.

Some years ago, they had a rebels' room where they dared to put some modern pictures. That idea was soon stopped. This year, I am told, you have given the modernists a chance. I hope it is true. You have worked such improvement, done much broadening. But it is not enough.

Augustus John, although he was not a regular exhibitor at Burlington House, was induced to become an A.R.A. Then he became an R.A. Sickert shows. But

Epstein has no use for your galleries. Many of the other great artists stay outside.

A few years ago, Charles Sims' last pictures were almost the only exhibits which will live. Yet it was merely because he was an Academician, and therefore had the right to have them there, that they were shown at all. Orpen, I am certain, got some of his works in only by right of his membership.

Last year I went round the Academy in not much more than five minutes, so dull was it!

Nothing arrested me—not even the policeman.

Then, had I not met a friend to talk

to, I should have come right out.

I go year after year and see, on the walls, mayors in their chains, and ground landlords in their hunting clothes or their coronets. I see the same Munnings horses, and the same old landscapes which I can recognise merely by a glance. For many of the works no one wants a catalogue.

Why don't they paint the great New England?

Still, I like the Royal Academy. I like to go there on the day of the private view and look at the actors wearing tall hats and watch the statesmen posing for their photographs on the steps. Why can't they govern us instead of being photographed so much? I know one woman who has worn three frocks in one day of the private view.

Burlington House, I believe, is State-endowed in the sense that it is held on a very long lease at a nominal rent. It should therefore be much more modern than it is.

Mind you, I would not like your troubles. You must be blamed by every one of the thousands of stupid would-be artists who, because they have bought a few tubes of paint, consider that the world is theirs. Not one in a dozen is selected. I get their songs and their plays.

Well, I would rather have their plays, because at least I can lose them.

But you can't lose a bad picture. In some cases, you should, I am afraid, hang not the pictures, but the artists.

Hannen Swaffer



CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Commander A. D. LACY, R.N.,

Agricultural Camps Committee

DEAR COMMANDER.—You are spending your leave in a magnificent way by organising "flying squads" of men who will be sent to the fruit and vegetable farming districts at short notice. They will live under canvas and get full rates of pay.

But, I am glad to see, no squad will be sent to take work which local workers have not had the chance to do.

You hope to find employment for a thousand men before you rejoin your ship. I wish the Government had given more than £500 to help you in your task.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM CLARK,

Aldershot

TIMID SIR.—Aren't you a rather duck-headed kind of caveman?

You captured another man's wife and then went whining for police protection because the husband threatened you.

What did you expect him to do—present you with a bouquet?

Anyway, although he threatened to kill you, he is said to be a very placid man, so he may merely thrash you. Cheer up!

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM H. A. BIGGS,

Sutherland Road, Brighton

BIGGS.—When you were summoned for persistent cruelty to your wife, you said, "I have had to thrash her because of her disobedience to me."

She told how you had thrashed her until she was unconscious—that was only two days after your marriage in October last—how you had repeatedly struck her and deserted her.

Yet you are said to be a well-known

lay preacher. You seem to have forgotten two things—that the law does not permit a wife to be ill-used and that a man who does not practise the gospel of forbearance which he teaches is a hypocrite.

JOHN BULL.

Miss YVONNE HACKWORTH,

Hove, Sussex

MADCAP.—I know that vanity is human, but your sort of vanity is not only silly but might lead to serious accidents to other people.

When, for the first time, you were allowed to pilot an aeroplane unaccompanied, you proceeded to "show off." You flew so low over the rooftops that you could not have landed safely if your engine had failed. For that you have been fined £2.

As you are only nineteen, I hope you'll refrain from flying again until you learn more discretion.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES BROWN,

Grangemouth, Stirlingshire

DEAR JAMES.—Well known as a footballer, you played another kind of game the other day. You played against Death and defeated him by two goals.

A woman fell into the canal and her husband went to her help, but got into difficulties himself. Then you dived in and saved him both.

May you score as happily in all your games.

JOHN BULL.

Sir CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY,

Maldon, Essex

DEAR SIR CLAUDE.—As sportsman, soldier, sailor, war correspondent, balloonist, and explorer, you have packed

enough adventure into your life to satisfy any man.

Your recent birthday, it seems, was your eighty-sixth. That is hard to believe, for you intend to resume your daily boxing and rowing as soon as you have recovered from your chill.

I hope you will be able to do so, and that you may long continue to defy old age and inactivity.

JOHN BULL.

P.C. WILLIAM NICHOLSON, Hull: For stealing from a shop on your beat, you have been fined £5. Despite your 14 years' service, none would regret your discharge from the Force.—JOHN BULL.

Very Rev. JOHN SINKER,

Provost of Blackburn

DEAR PROVOST.—So you have been tossing a penny in the Cathedral churchyard, I see. Not for personal gain, but to decide which of two unemployed men should have a shoeblack's outfit given as a result of your unemployment appeal.

No doubt some people will say that you behaved very wickedly. Ignore them.

JOHN BULL.

BLAENAVON COLLIERY CO., Ltd., Monmouthshire

GENTLEMEN.—The miners of Blaenavon have agreed on a share-and-share-alike scheme to help the unemployed. If put into operation, it will provide eight months' work a year for every miner in the district.

So I hope you will give it a trial. It has been adopted with success in other places, and I believe that if it were extended throughout the country it would do much towards solving the nation's biggest problem.

JOHN BULL.

THE MASTER,

West Kent Stag Hunt

SPORTSMAN!—After it had been chased across country, a terrified stag dashed over the edge of a cliff and broke its neck.

I admire your presence of mind in calling off the hounds before they reached the precipice.

But I have nothing but contempt for the hunting to death of an inoffensive, helpless, and frightened beast.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor E. FENTON,

Mayor of Blackpool

YOUR WORSHIP.—Because a rowdy crowd mobbed and pelted a girl for wearing trousers, you have been asked to prohibit girls from dressing as men. Being a man of sense, you treated the idea with the mild derision it deserved.

People must be allowed, you say, as much freedom as is consistent with good morals and law and order. That's the secret of wise government.

JOHN BULL.

PATRICK FEENEY,

Deptford, London, S.E.

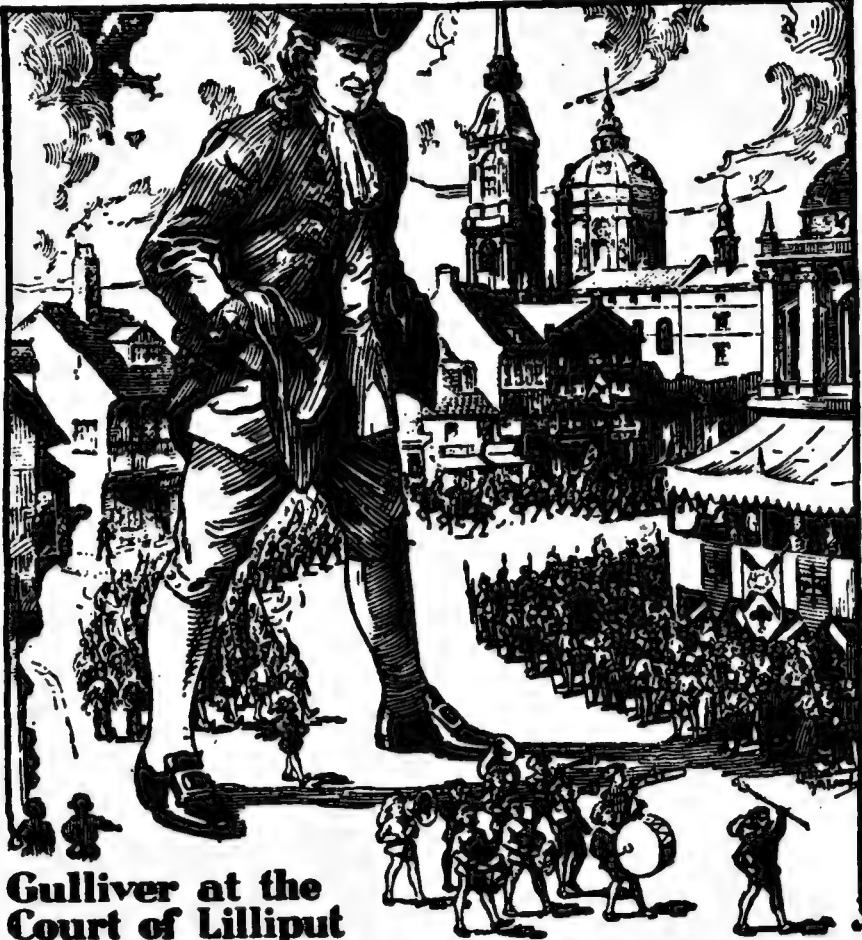
FIEND.—You certainly showed some ingenuity in your efforts to trap wild birds, but it was the ingenuity of a callous rascal.

A linnet was pinioned to a stake, and you pulled a string to make it flutter up and down, despite its exhausted condition.

The magistrates ordered your five captive birds to be released, while you are to be confined in jail for a month. A very fair exchange!

JOHN BULL.

Gulliver travels with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish No. 6



Gulliver at the Court of Lilliput

"As the Lilliputian army passed between my feet there were many glances of admiration at the brilliant 'Cherry Blossom' shine on my shoes."

"The Emperor desired that I should stand with my legs asunder. He then commanded his army of three thousand foot and one thousand horse to march under me."

Cherry Blossom

BOOT POLISH

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan & Tanette. In tins with easy opener, 2 1/4, 4 1/4, & 6 1/4.

Keeps my hair immaculate and healthy

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NOW for the New Cricket!

HAIL and farewell! With the coming of May, football makes its exit and cricket enters into its kingdom. It will be a fateful season in the history of the game.

It is true that Australia will not be with us to give us the thrill that only a Test match with our chief rival can give.

But though Australia will not be with us, the thought of Australia will be very much with us. She has issued a challenge to English cricket and levelled a reproach against English sportsmanship which cannot be ignored.

If it is ignored, or if no solution is reached, then good-bye to Anglo-Australian cricket. For nothing is more clear than that the experiences of the recent tour of the M.C.C. team in Australia will not, and must not, be repeated.

Leaving aside for the moment the question whether the English methods were right or wrong, it is impossible that self-respecting men can be asked again to submit themselves to the hooliganism and insults that pursued Jardine and his men almost throughout the last tour. Cricket played in the temper that prevailed at Adelaide, for example, is not a game. It is a horror.

Rather than invite the repetition of such scenes it would be well to write "Finis" to the whole chapter of Anglo-Australian cricket. That would be a deplorable end to a splendid story, and I hope the necessity will be avoided. It is our business this season to discover how to avoid it. I propose in this article to offer my contribution to that end.

Legitimate?

And in the first place do not let us shirk the issue. That course is proposed in some quarters that ought to know better.

The issue, as everyone knows, is whether what has been dubbed in Australia "bodyline bowling" is legitimate cricket.

Bodyline bowling is bowling which is directed straight at the batsman with the object of compelling him to play the ball to leg where the fielders are massed to catch him. There is, of course, nothing in the laws of the game forbidding this. It is as legitimate to bowl a ball to leg as it is to bowl one to the off. Every bowler does it—most bowlers cannot help doing it occasionally even if they don't try to do it.

In the case of slow or medium paced

bowlers who bowl on the "bodyline" no question arises. They bowl for the "break" and rely on the spin. It is the fast bowler who relies not on spin and break but on speed who is the centre of the controversy, and for whose benefit that leg trap is set. The setting of the trap is evidence of the deliberate intentions to bowl on the "bodyline" and to bowl fast.

It is the fact that Larwood, the Nottingham fast bowler, acting under the instructions of his captain, D. R. Jardine, exploited this form of attack in Australia that is the cause of all the trouble.

He exploited it with astonishing success. It is not too much to say that his bowling won the Test Match tourney. And he won it on the leg theory. Was

by

A. G. GARDINER

he right in employing that mode of attack? That is the issue.

And I see it seriously suggested that in English cricket this summer he should not be permitted to bowl leg theory. This is a counsel of cowardice and a counsel of dishonour. It is indefensible on two grounds. The first is that there is no law of the game that is broken by leg-theory bowling. Until the laws are altered such bowling is as legitimate as any other.

The second ground is more serious. To prohibit Larwood employing the same methods in English county cricket that he employed in the Test matches is to plead guilty to the whole Australian case. It is to admit that we won the Test matches by foul means. It is to repudiate Jardine's captaincy, to rebuke Larwood and to degrade the whole team before the whole world. A more monstrous and cowardly surrender could not be conceived.

Moreover, it would defeat the very object we have in view. That object is to decide whether leg-theory bowling as practised by Larwood should be permitted, and, if not, what alteration of the laws of the game is necessary to deal with the matter. How can this be done if we do not see leg-theory in action by the greatest master of that form of attack?

The problem before the M.C.C. is not



To bowl like Larwood will be the aim of many a young cricketer this season

simple: it is complicated. Leg-theory bowling, whether desirable or undesirable, is the outcome of a deep-seated evil of the game which has played havoc with cricket in recent years.

That evil is the rule which provides that a batsman is only out l.b.w. when he has obstructed with his person a ball pitched in a straight line from wicket to wicket. Any ball pitched off the straight line can be stopped with any part of the body.

Pads or bat

This defeats the spin bowler's best breaking ball, and the fast bowler's off ball. It permits the batsman to use his pads instead of his bat. He shoves his legs in front of the breaking ball from the off, and when the fast ball to the off comes he shoulders his bat lest, cutting it, he should be caught in the slips, at the same time bending his knees in case it should take a turn into the wicket.

This trick of playing with the legs has become a desolating blight to

cricket. It has paralysed the attack on the off, and has compelled the bowler to turn his attack to the leg.

Larwood is not the first man to use that attack deliberately. Root always bowled for the leg trap. Gregory, the Australian, who was nearly as fast as Larwood, often bowled on the legs. Ranjitsinhji's most famous stroke was the leg glance off a fast ball.

The crime of which Larwood is guilty is not that he has done what no other man has done, but that he has done it more systematically and more successfully. It is his reply, and a legitimate reply, to the batsmen who shelter their wickets with their pads and refuse to play the off stroke.

Do not let this question of bodyline bowling get mixed up with that of the bumping ball. That is an entirely different matter. Pitching fast, short balls in order to make them rear head-high at the batsman is not illegal, but it is dangerous, and it is not cricket. It can be stopped by a simple alteration of the rule. A ball pitched short of a given mark on the wicket should be "no-balled."

But leg-theory cannot be stopped by any rule that could apply to slow or medium bowlers. And what is allowed to them must be allowed to fast bowlers. The only reply to leg-theory is a new technique of batsmanship. "What is your bat for?" was Ranjitsinhji's reply to one who complained that the bowler bowled at his legs.

Lesson to learn

I hope that this season Larwood will drill English batsmen in that new technique. They will need it if the Australians come again, and in the meantime have discovered another fast bowler like Gregory.

But I come back to the root disease. Let the l.b.w. rule be changed, so that any man obstructing with his person any ball that, in the opinion of the umpire, would hit the wicket, whether it is pitched on the wicket or not, be given out.

That will end the detestable habit of playing with the pads and compel batsmen to rely on their bats. And in opening up the wicket to attack from the off it will do more to stop leg-theory than any direct prohibition that could be devised.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. J. W. A. Taylor, of Liverpool, on

Pedagogues in Petticoats

under female domination when away from home, sweet home.

I adhere to what I said to my fellow-schoolmasters at Southampton. It is impossible for a man to serve under a woman and retain his self-respect. If he is doing a man's job he ought to be under the supervision of a man.

Admittedly, even though a man has the fierce frown and commanding aspect of a Mussolini, a Hitler or an Oswald Mosley, there is probably a woman in the background before whom he must click his heels.

But it is one thing to take orders from the O.C. Home Front whose wedding-ring carries the power of a red tab, and quite another thing to salute a petticoated sergeant-major in working hours.

Here and there in the new army of women workers there may be one who carries a Field-Marshal's baton in her vanity-bag, but so far I have never detected anything more potent than a lip-stick.

I will, no doubt, be told that the mere fact that one possesses a pair of trousers does not establish one's right to a front seat in the charabanc of existence; but what I say is this: If there is one thing at

which man can claim to be an expert it is Work.

The poor mutt has been on the bread-winning job ever since Adam upset the apple-cart; so he can scarcely be expected to take orders from a sex to which wage-earning is still a novelty.

Woman has travelled a long way in a short time, but she must beware of trying to go too far too quickly.

When Mary had a little lamb,
Whose fleece was snowy white,
The lamb to school with Mary went—
A most inspiring sight.

But now, as mistress of the school,
Dear Mary fain would keep,
To fortify her dignity,
A flock of little sheep.

A flock of sheep, disguised as men,
To do as Mary bids!
But some there are who'd not consent
For quids and quids and quids.

Not any but the mildest sheep
Would bow to Mary's rule;
For how the kids would laugh and scorn
To see a lamb in school!

BELLES still may ring the tunes to which
Must dance adoring beaux;
Fair woman in our hours of ease
May lead us by the nose;
And what the missus says at home
Unquestionably "goes."

But though we may reluctantly acknowledge that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the roost, 'Twas not by Nature planned that man in working hours should have a woman in command.

Male teachers (when away from home),
Unless they've lost their nerve,
Must scorn the rule of skirts. If they
From this resolve should swerve
Their fate is sealed; for no wife man
Two masters seeks to serve!

This, I submit, is the situation likely to arise when a married male teacher is placed under the control of a woman. As I told the conference of the National Association of Schoolmasters: "A married man cannot serve under a woman head if he has a wife worth much. If she knows that he is taking orders from another woman, I doubt if he is going to be very happy in his home."

His wife would naturally resent such divided authority, while he would be enabled to resent the prospect of being still

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IMPORTANT!

READ THIS NOTE

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Sensation

WHAT is the real position to-day of one of the most famous commercial enterprises in the world, whose affairs—in more than one respect—have latterly received a great deal of criticism?

We ask this question not only because many millions of pounds are involved, but because issues of world-wide importance arise from the past and future destinies of this company.

Who has not heard of the British South Africa Company, which has headquarters in this country at London Wall Buildings, London, E.C., and which first obtained its Royal Charter in 1889?

In order to tell a long and complicated story as simply as possible it will be necessary to go back to the time of Livingstone, and to the days when a cruel and wily tribal chieftain named Mpeseni reduced smaller and less warlike tribes to subjection.

While these smaller tribes had no conception as to the value of some of the lands which passed to the Chartered Company, the chief Mpeseni was much more alive to the value of property. He added greatly to his possessions by his ruthless raids on peaceful tribes.

Made history

Then came Cecil Rhodes, who, backed by other distinguished men, including the then Duke of Abercorn, the Duke of Fife, and the Rt. Hon. Lord Gifford, V.C., obtained a Royal Charter from Queen Victoria.

Thus the British South Africa Company came into being with the object of opening up the vast territories and suppressing slave traffic and native crimes.

It was soon destined to make history, for, through an arrangement with Rhodes, its own armed force participated in the famous Jameson Raid, which had a profound effect upon the history of South Africa.

Criticism has often been directed against the company over the way in which certain of its original treaties were obtained, particularly in regard to those affecting the ownership of certain lands.

The veil is lifted on some amazing facts in a recently issued report by Mr. Justice Maugham. But though it comprises 200 foolscap pages, it is confined to an enquiry covering only a small fraction of the Chartered Company's astonishing ramifications.

Mr. Justice Maugham states that by the time the company had gained Royal approval a general "scramble" for Africa had begun, and treaties were made with several chieftains, who signed away their land without understanding what they were doing.

Trouble

In one notorious instance, indeed, a document which definitely made it appear that one chief had agreed to part with certain land which later became the property of the Chartered Company has led latterly to much litigation on the part of people who claim that they have been victimised through the later operations of the Chartered Company.

With trouble of this sort, and the gradual discovery that other of the company's treaties were questioned, it is not surprising that the time of the House of Commons has been constantly taken up with discussions concerning them. And it will not be surprising if it is again so engaged in the near future.

Though the chequered history of the Chartered Company is thus marked by so much that is colourful and dramatic, it is mainly with its financial career that



Lord Lloyd of Dolobran has joined the company at a critical time, but he can yet do much to safeguard shareholders' interests. Left: A flourishing copper mine; but the company lost heavily in another

many enquiring people are now concerned.

The little sprinkling of shareholders present at a recent general meeting in London must have held grim memories of the rosy predictions of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain on its formation. For their dividends have dwindled, until this year they are to receive nothing at all.

Complications

They are faced with the fact that their assets are depreciating more and more. The story used to be that the company's shares would be one day worth something like £9 each.

To-day they stand at something like 15s., and in the opinion of experts are dear at that price.

Originally capitalised at £9,000,000, a reduction was made a few years ago to £6,000,000. This was in 1923, when, following a series of complicated agreements, the company became a purely commercial undertaking with the connivance of the Colonial Office.

Many of its assets were handed over to the Government, and some of the terms of settlement arrived at between the company and the Colonial Office have been the subject of much criticism.

At the recent meeting Lord Lloyd of Dolobran made a most sanguine speech about the company's affairs.

Though it must have been strangely reminiscent of other speeches that have been made in recent years, it was, perhaps, brought up to date by the fact that his lordship—who had only recently joined the directorate—had just returned from a special tour of the company's properties in Rhodesia.

Lord Lloyd was quite frank about the position and stated that he could not pretend to possess any real knowledge of its affairs as he was a newcomer.

When he has had a chance to go more deeply into its affairs we feel that he

mineral rights valued at £4,500,000 are shown among the assets.

Yet it is now apparent that negotiations have been going on for some time for the sale of these £4,500,000 mineral rights to the Rhodesian Government for £2,000,000.

This surely means, if the deal is finally effected, that the balance of £2,500,000—or the vast part of it—will have to be "written off"?

Big figures are a feature of the Chartered Company.

For instance, it may be called upon to meet a very heavy claim for income-tax, while the sum of £470,000 is mostly invested in a company which admittedly cannot pay a dividend for many years to come.

Considerable sums of money, too, are locked up in a railway company which, though maintaining highly efficient services, cannot maintain a dividend.

Tens of thousands of pounds on the "assets" side of the balance-sheet are shown as being invested in citrus groves.

These, unfortunately, according to the official explanation, "have so far not been profitable."

In one year £36,000 was lost in rearing citrus trees, of which £12,000 was wiped out because unsuitable trees had been planted and had to be uprooted.

Tobacco fields which, according to the company's extensive programme, were to have made fortunes, are not even mentioned to-day!

These facts seem inexplicable when we consider that in 1929 the company's records revealed a profit of £854,000.

Old problems

A large proportion of these profits arose out of speculative share deals made on behalf of the company in that year, and not from its Rhodesian enterprises.

A gloomy position, indeed, particularly when we say that in one concern in which the Chartered Company is heavily interested, and which has a debit balance of £948,000, the Chartered Company has guaranteed principal and interest on debentures amounting to £6,800,000 and £295,000 respectively each year. Some day, perhaps, it may be repaid, but that day must necessarily be far distant.

Moreover, arising out of the company's earlier activities, several of its mineral rights in Rhodesia have been challenged, and claim holders have latterly refused to pay their royalties.

Further litigation has also been started in connection with problems whose origin may be traced back to the treaties made in the days of the paramount chief Mpeseni.

Investments shown in the last accounts as representing in value £6,380,000 actually show a quoted depreciation of as much as £2,200,000.

Small solace

Then there is little solace to be found in the report of the company's consulting mining engineer, Mr. E. H. Clifford, which is anything but consoling.

On the surface there may appear a suggestion of assurance and optimism for the future, but careful consideration reveals that it is clearly an admission that the position is really a dismal one.

Lord Lloyd has a great name. Though he has joined the company at such a critical time he can yet do much, by examining its chequered career from the start to safeguard the future interests of the shareholders.

will agree that many difficulties have yet to be overcome before the anticipated success is ever accomplished.

Two days, for example, which he spent in the mining camps had enabled him to tell the shareholders about the hundreds of millions of tons of valuables "proved" by boreholes, and of copper being delivered to Europe in the near future at enormous profits.

But—when?

One leading copper mine, run by another South African company in which the Chartered Company was heavily interested, has had to be abandoned with gigantic financial losses.

Let us probe one or two matters that shareholders find perplexing.

In the balance-sheet, for instance,

WHO IS HE?

COLLECTORS are active just now in seeking support for the Destitute and Homeless Help Society, which has its headquarters at 150, York Road, London, S.W.

The moving spirit of this organisation is a Mr. Frederick Booth, but he does not appear to be known in orthodox charity circles.

While a certain amount of charitable work is done, no mention is made of any governing committee, and the ground it purports to cover is already effectively provided for.

In the absence of such specific information from the society's literature, people who may be approached by collectors should make sure how their money is to be applied and what percentage will be allocated to administration expenses.

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Richard Lloyd & Sons, 'Holborn' Tobacco Factory, 8, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.)

10,750,000 MICROBES
—WHAT A PIE!

An American bacteriologist has analysed a mud pie with which his young son had been playing. He wanted to make sure, you see, that the little fellow was not running any risk of disease.

Well, here is the result of his investigation:—

	No. of GERMS.
Diphtheria	1,800,000
Measles	2,450,000
Smallpox	900,000
Lockjaw	3,600,000
Dysentery	900,000
Pneumonia	500,000
Tuberculosis	600,000

No wonder the average human being is liable to an occasional illness!

The menace of germs, however—great as it is—has been considerably lessened of recent years by the growing use of Milton as a household disinfectant. Absolutely non-poisonous and harmless to even the most delicate human tissues, Milton is eighty times more powerful a germicide than the ordinary 5 per cent. solution of carbolic. It is in point of fact the strongest antiseptic fluid ever marketed for domestic purposes. And in the interests of family health it should be used freely and frequently throughout every household.

A drop or two in the children's washing water will remove all danger from grubby little hands. A daily mouth-rinse will ensure protection from germ-laden atmospheres. Sores, cuts and burns are immediately sterilised by the application of a little Milton.

Milton homes are healthy homes. The book packed free with every bottle tells you exactly how to make the utmost use of Milton.

Milton costs sixpence.

PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST SUDDEN WEATHER CHANGES WITH 'ASPRO'



Sudden weather changes play havoc with our general health. An unexpected cold snap may be the cause of a Spring cold—flu or rheumatic attack. On the other hand, a quick change to heat invariably causes malaise—sunglare headaches, lassitude, etc. These attacks can be nipped in the bud with a few 'ASPRO' tablets. Why not carry some in your purse or pocket ready for any emergency? Two or three 'ASPRO' tablets will stop a cold—flu or rheumatic attack at inception. They reduce temperature in a few minutes. 'ASPRO' will not fail you. It relieves a headache quickly—stops pain in a few minutes—brings sweet sleep to the sleepless and removes the cause of numerous complaints, because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a solvent of Uric Acid—a powerful germicide and is an antipyretic, an antiperiodic, and an internal antiseptic.

Try 'ASPRO' for

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC
AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLD
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR
TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

3d. 6d.
1/3 2/6

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6. The next cheapest way is the 1/3 packet which contains 27 tablets.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl-salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority. Agents: GOLLIN & CO., PTY., LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), Slough, Bucks. Telephone: SLOUGH 606. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula. Made by ASPRO, LTD., Slough, England.

**TWICE THE MAN
SINCE USING 'ASPRO'**

33, Chantry Road, Southampton.
Dear Sirs,
I cannot express in writing my gratitude for the benefit I have received from your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets. As a sufferer from nerve trouble for some years I tried dozens of so-called remedies without satisfactory result until I tried your tablets. Now after 6 weeks taking 'ASPRO' I feel twice the man. Yours faithfully,
R. G. CURRIE.

**INFLUENZA
COLD GOES
THANKS TO 'ASPRO'**

57, Fairleigh Road, Cardiff.
Dear Sirs,
I feel I must let you know of the benefit I have received from your wonderful tablets. I have just got over an influenza cold, thanks to 'ASPRO'. I was advised to take them by my wife, who is a firm believer in 'ASPRO' for headaches. In future I will not hesitate to recommend them to anyone. Yours sincerely, E. J. WOODS.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES
STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

**HOW TO
GIVE
'ASPRO'
TO THE KIDDIES**

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 1 to 6 years, 1 tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 1/2 tablets; 14 to 18 years, 1 1/2 tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

ASPRO
REG. TRADE MARK

MEN WOMEN & CHILDREN GET HELP FROM 'ASPRO'

THE Champion HOUSING Swindler

WE are accustomed to stories of rogues who practise ingenious deception in order to effect their escape from jail, but that any criminal should deliberately court capture seems almost beyond belief.

Yet this course was definitely adopted by a versatile scoundrel named Rex Ward, who is now at large, but who once feigned insanity and sought sanctuary in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum to avoid the long term of imprisonment that would otherwise have been his due!

Even while lost to the world in this way he was busily planning fresh coups, which we shall presently describe.

His latest achievements, which are now the subject of widespread complaint, are perhaps the most audacious of his career, for he is imposing upon solicitors and experienced business men with an ease that stamps him as a master.

Building schemes

He is now passing as a man of independent means, who, after a lifetime spent with big construction companies, proposes to finance building schemes of his own.

Plymouth was the scene of his last exploit. Establishing himself in an office there he proceeded to advertise for partners.

He told applicants that he intended to develop a scheme for building attractive modern houses, in the district, took them to inspect the site and displayed maps and documents which seemed to confirm his statements.

Those who appeared at all hesitant were taken to a local architect's office, where Ward carried on an impressive conversation about his aims and ideals.

This was a clever bluff, for he had simply consulted the architect for his professional advice about the scheme, though he had no intention of proceeding with it.

Generous manner

In the same way he even consulted a solicitor and had agreements prepared to suggest that everything was genuine and above board.

With elaborate bluff of this kind, Ward, who often poses as a Freemason, succeeded in inducing a number of people to take a financial interest in his proposed venture.

Once he had got their money he disappeared, leaving a hastily scrawled message saying that he had to rush off to Lincoln to attend the funeral of his sister!

In addition to fleecing investors, he had run up credit on all sides and had contrived to live in great style at a local hotel without paying a penny.

Throughout his stay he drove about in a smart car and was most generous in entertaining the various people he ultimately robbed!

While his story of having to attend his sister's funeral in Lincoln was just

one more product of his very fertile imagination, he is certainly known in that famous city since he recently made it the scene of another ambitious enterprise.

With his usual pretensions to great wealth, he came forward with characteristic stories, and it was not long before he had succeeded in interesting quite a number of people in a building scheme.

But like most of his projects, it never advanced beyond the preliminary stages of discussion, and Ward relied solely upon his extraordinary powers of bluff in making investors believe that he had a concrete plan that was certain to be crowned with success.

Recently he aroused quite a lot of interest in Sheffield by pretending that he was prepared to finance a local housing scheme.

Those who had visions of finding work under him or of being provided with attractive modern homes have been sadly disillusioned, for as soon as he had drawn in a substantial sum of money he performed his usual vanishing trick.

Among his victims there is even a poor man, who was induced to part with £20 on the understanding that he would be given a position as foreman when the actual construction work commenced.

Prison plot

It is characteristic of Ward's audacity that in every fresh centre he visits he speaks airily of the "successful" housing schemes that he has launched in other parts of the country!

Our enquiries about him have furnished information which shows that he is one of the worst swindlers now at large.

On the occasion we have mentioned, when he feigned madness to avoid more serious punishment and was thus sent to Broadmoor, he engineered a most despicable scheme.

Making the acquaintance of a fellow-inmate who was being held for murder, he craftily gathered personal information from the man which he utilised immediately on his own release.

Approaching a highly-placed relative of the imprisoned man, Ward announced his intention of publishing so-called "revelations."

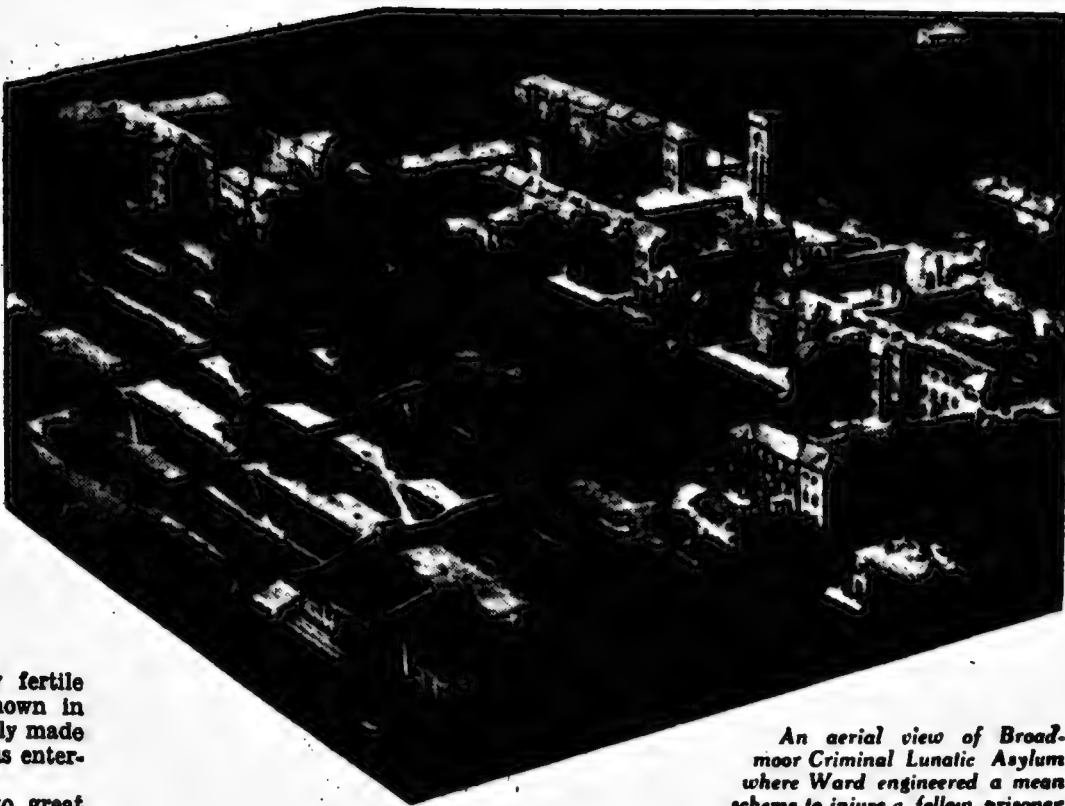
He thus obtained a sum of money, and proceeded to offer his scandalous writings for sale.

Building and housing swindles have always been a favourite form of enterprise with him and his impudence in this respect is boundless.

Once he placed an order for a huge consignment of bricks and specially asked for immediate delivery of a load of 4,000.

Having got them on credit terms, he went to a genuine builder and disposed of the bricks for cash at a "sacrifice" price, saying that he was forced to do so because a hoped-for contract had fallen through.

On another occasion he decided to enter the wholesale timber trade, quite



An aerial view of Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum where Ward engineered a mean scheme to injure a fellow prisoner

undeterred by the fact that he had nothing whatever in the way of stock.

With his usual imaginative powers he proceeded to advertise miscellaneous timber for sale at bargain prices, giving most detailed descriptions and stipulating that cash must be sent with order. As an additional lure, he offered to send the goods carriage-paid to any part of the country.

Stranded workers

In this way he soon built up a big postal business.

As soon as he had got in sufficient funds to satisfy him he closed his stockless office and disappeared.

When he thinks the game worth while he will take any risk, and on one occasion he even invoked the aid of an employment exchange!

In his favourite rôle as a builder, and pretending that he had secured a number of big contracts, he advertised for partners and offered them a financial interest.

It was after he had outlined his schemes that he cemented confidence by ringing up the local employment exchange and asking, in their hearing, for twenty labourers to be sent to the scene of his proposed building operations on the following morning. By the next

morning he had vanished, and investors and would-be workers were alike left stranded.

Among other accomplishments, Ward is an expert car thief and he has been convicted in the past for forgery, house-breaking and fraud.

There was a time when he was employed in a legitimate building business, but his employment terminated suddenly when he made off with the wages of his firm's entire staff!

Among the vast army of those who have had bitter experience of him is a famous firm of whisky distillers, whose good name was impudently misused by him when he posed as its representative to further one of his ingenious frauds.

Arrest him!

This champion housing swindler has literally blazed a plundering trail throughout the country, for apart from the places we have named, he has brought off successful coups in towns as far distant as Nottingham and Inverness, Liverpool and Hull.

He is one of the worst rogues at large, but we hope that publicity, which, as our readers know, has proved the undoing of many a clever criminal in the past, will also lead to his speedy arrest.

Cripple Wins Our £1,250

A CRIPPLED woman who for six years has suffered pain and agony in walking will soon realise her ambition with the good fortune that has come to her through compiling a correct solution to JOHN BULL'S 207th Crossword Competition, which gives her the choice between £1,250 cash and £500 cash with a pension of £100 a year for life.

Mrs. N. Moore, of Tweed House, Newfield, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is the woman who has won. She is overjoyed at the prospect of what she will now be able to accomplish in order to relieve herself of the suffering which she has been compelled to endure for years.

"I still cannot believe my eyes," she said to our representative who called to congratulate her on her success. "When I got your telegram I began to shake with nerves. I thought it was bad news, and when I had read the telegram I could not even then realise that I had won the big prize. In fact, I read it three times before I was satisfied that it was really true and that I had at last succeeded."

"Six years ago I had an accident to my hip, which rendered me incapable of walking for three years. I experienced agony and had to lie on my back during the whole of the time."

"For the past three years I have been able to walk a little, but even then it has been a terrible struggle to go a few hundred yards without resting. I have longed to have a bungalow which would relieve me of the trouble of climbing stairs, and now I shall build one for myself and husband."

Mrs. Moore, whose husband has been unemployed for two years, has decided to take £1,250 cash as her prize. She is not a young woman and is of the opinion that a lump sum will bring more comfort at her time of life.

The winning coupon was only Mrs. Moore's second attempt at JOHN BULL'S Crossword Competition. She states that she was trying the "Bullets" Competition and, as a *Bullets Bulletin* reader also, received the new free weekly *Crossword Gazette* which contained the coupon she used in making her successful entry.

"The extremely clear way in which the clues were given attracted me, and I decided to become a regular entrant in JOHN BULL'S Crossword Competition," says Mrs. Moore, and she added that so simply are the clues compiled that she did not even open her dictionary to solve the puzzle!

Now turn to page — and win your choice between two huge prizes in our entertaining contest!

FAT PEOPLE WHO STARVE

The Dangers of Unwise Dieting, Drugging, Purging and Violent Exercises

SILF Brand Obesity Tablets REDUCES Your Weight & REBUILDS Your Health

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY FOR OBESITY.

"SILF" not only reduces your weight, but also rebuilds your health. As surely as it dissolves excessive fat and restores the slim, subtle figure lines of Nature, so does it revive and restore the general health. All those distressing heart palpitations, the weakness, breathlessness and lethargy are dispelled.

If you have just a local accumulation of fat—such as a Double Chin—"SILF" will remove it.

If you are just a few pounds too heavy—"SILF" will remove those few pounds.

If you are STONES too heavy—with masses of unneeded fat on every part of your body—"SILF" will remove those burdensome stones.

"SILF" reduces you to NORMAL. It makes your body healthy and enables it to throw off those clinging rolls of superfluous flesh. "SILF" frees not only the outer person from those evidences of unnatural corpulency which ruin your good looks and endanger your success and social happiness, but also clears the internal organs from the fatty deposits and degeneracy which—all unseen to you—ruin your health and endanger your life.

"Silf" Permanently Dissolves

102 lb. of Excess Fat

80, Sandhurst Road, Kingsbury, Middx.



Dear Sirs,—More words can scarcely convey my thanks for the welcome transformation which "Silf" tablets have effected in reducing my very excessive fatness.

From a huge, unwieldy and unhealthy bulk of 18st. 10lb. they have brought me down to the normal and healthy weight of 11st. 6lb.—just about what a man of my height and build should be.

As my reduction has now lasted for over two years, I confidently regard it as a permanent restoration to normality, and, on that account, desire to express my sincerest thanks to "Silf" tablets for this almost incredible result, especially as it followed the failure of various other treatments, specifics and methods.

Yours most thankfully,

(Sgd.)

GEORGE READ.

MONEY BACK OFFER

WE invite any stout person to purchase a 1/3 Box of Silf (Brand) Obesity Tablets from the nearest Chemist, and if not satisfied that Silf will prove beneficial your money will be refunded by the Silf Co., Ltd., of 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, under the terms of the undertaking enclosed in every packet.

FAT WOMAN: "No thanks, I'm slimming."

SLIM HOSTESS: "You mean you're starving. You should take 'SILF' and get slim naturally."

SLIM FRIEND: "Yes, I take 'SILF' and eat what I like."



YOU CAN'T BE FIT and FAT

Reduced from

14st. 2lb. to 9st. 10lb.

Dear Sirs,

57, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

I can scarcely express the gratitude that I owe to Silf for the fat reduction it has brought about on my behalf and for which I am indeed very thankful.

When I started my course of the treatment I weighed exactly 14st. 2lb., but to-day I only scale 9st. 10lb.—a really wonderful change of 4st. 6lb., which has pleased me beyond all expectations, although I knew of two instances in which equally good results had been experienced.

I am especially pleased with what I would describe as the gentle action of Silf—for it did not purge, or trouble me in its working, but in a most consistent way brought down my weight in an easy and peaceful manner.

It is now a pleasure to get about, for I am not weighed down and am as active as in years gone by, and the joy I derive from being able, in my own way, to follow fashion and dress and look as well as other women is a very real one.

I very sincerely advise those who are stout and depressed with too much fat to do as I did—rely on Silf—for I am confident it will benefit them.

Yours truly, Dorothy Russell.

1/3, 3/- and 5/- per Box

From all Chemists and Druggists, or Post Free, by sending the Price to:—

THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46a), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1

No Proprietary Rights are claimed in the Preparation of this Remedy.

Silf
BRAND
OBESITY TABLETS

YOU SAVE MONEY BY PURCHASING THE LARGER SIZES

It is because "SILF" is a scientific remedy for Obesity that it also makes you fit. For fatness is evidence of a morbid and unhealthy state of the functions, and "SILF" conquers the fatness by removing the morbid and unhealthy condition and restoring the healthy working and balance of the functions. In short, "SILF" makes you slim by making you healthy! And any other way to slimness is not only unnatural but often fraught with worse consequences than the affliction of fatness itself.

Why then continue to endure the indignity, ungainliness, and unfashionableness of that excessive fat? Accept to-day the aid of "SILF"—the natural slimming method which restores, revives, and rebuilds your health while it frees you from those unneeded quantities of excessive fatty tissue.

The Dangers of 'Overstoutness'	The Dangers of Fasting	The Benefits of 'SILF'
Palpitation	Weakness	Slimness
Shortness of Breath	Lassitude	Energy
General Lassitude	Indigestion	Good Digestion
Unable to Enjoy Life	Internal Troubles	Perfect Health
	Nerve Troubles	Strong Nerves

LOST 3st. 2lb.

"Feeling Better in Every Way."

19, Bloomfield Road, Palmers Green, London, N.

Dear Sirs,—It is very gratifying for me to inform you that "Silf" has succeeded in its flesh-reducing work, and now I am just as slim and presentable as I used to be. Better still, I am in excellent health.

Before I put on excess flesh I weighed about 10st. 3lb., and had kept to this mark for some years, and then I went on increasing heavily, eventually scaling 13st. 9lb., much to the detriment of my figure and health.

It is with great thankfulness that I tell you how much "Silf" has done for me, for within a short time I noticed my flesh was being reduced, and that I was feeling better in every way. In a few months I got down to 10st. 7lb. and this has cheered me beyond expression. I tell everybody how much good it has done.

Yours faithfully,

Signed (Miss) Evelyn Sutherland.

To avoid wasting your money on useless imitations, make certain you get SILF Brand Obesity Tablets.

CITY of DARK SECRETS

Grave Municipal

SCANDAL

DISQUIETING enough have been a number of recent revelations of the dubious financial administration of different cities and towns in Great Britain.

But more disturbing still is the fact that in almost every case these black affairs have only become known after the truth has been dug out from a fastness of silence and secrecy.

The members of too many civic councils have been guilty of attempting to conceal the actions of their colleagues or high officials.

An atrocious case of the kind is now happening in the city of Ripon in Yorkshire.

Its citizens are being deliberately lulled to sleep in an hour of danger.

A few days ago a very great number of them went to the town hall to listen to the proceedings of the City Council.

They not only crowded the public gallery, but stood packed in the outer corridors and were so insistent upon hearing what they expected to be disclosed that when the Sergeant-at-Mace closed the doors of the council chamber, they demanded them to be reopened so that every word of the revelations could reach them.

Hush!

They were sadly disappointed. They learned practically nothing. Never was a greater farce played in a time of crisis and tension by any elected authority before its constituents.

These citizens of Ripon had very good reason, however, to be there and to be informed at first hand what strange events have been happening in their midst.

For weeks the city has seethed with sinister reports. Its public funds, it was said, had been found depleted and the losses could not be traced or accounted for.

Surely, then, the ratepayers were entitled to know the truth and to be satisfied that if there has been guilt the culpable persons would be identified and punished.

Yet they were taunted and assailed for daring to peer into the secrets of the city's treasury. Councillor after councillor rose to condemn them for their impudence in endeavouring to know the truth.

It was to be wished, said one, that they had come on a worthier occasion, and that they would manifest at other times a similar enthusiasm for the interests of their beloved city.

Never was any body of ratepayers so insulted by their chosen representatives.

What could possibly be regarded as a worthier occasion for the display of curiosity by ordinary people than a public inquest upon the supposed loss of money which they had supplied or would be called upon to supply?

But this was no public inquest. The only result of the meeting of the City Council was to draw still closer a veil of secrecy over the operations of itself and its officers.

Miss Wells, a member of the council, pointed to the assembly of the public and actually likened them to the mob which witnessed Christ's crucifixion!

Who, the onlookers asked among



Mr. J. H. Gough (in wig), Town Clerk of Ripon. With him is the City Hornblower who sounds the setting of the watch. A blast is now needed

themselves, was being crucified? And for what? They were given no enlightenment.

The City Council, the public audience was told, would not trample upon a man when he was down.

Who was down? Who had put him down? What had put him down? Again there was no answer.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," quoted a councillor.

Who had repented? Repented for what?

Judging by the public attendance at the meeting, the speaker went on, there was rejoicing instead over a good man apparently gone wrong.

Which good man had gone wrong? He was not named. The ratepayers were bewildered.

Then it transpired that the City Council had met previously—in secret. It had before it—it also

leaked out—the senior civic officer.

He is Mr. J. Henry Gough, who was appointed thirteen years ago to the joint posts of Town Clerk and City Accountant and who, since then, has become head of everything under the municipal roof.

At this secret meeting, it now emerged, the Town Clerk had declared—"I accept full responsibility for the position of things as revealed, and I am sorry, very sorry."

What was the position of things re-

vealed? What had the Town Clerk to be sorry for?

The listening public asked themselves the questions in vain. The council, it was obvious, had determined beforehand that the appetite of the citizens for information would not be gratified. Not a crumb of news or fact fell from their board.

Members spoke vaguely about "deficits" and "defalcations," but not once was the nature of them or the persons responsible for them even hinted at.

Two councillors, Alderman McHenry and Mrs. Steven, a doctor's wife, revealed that they were in shackles.

An oath of secrecy which they could not violate prevented any open reference being made to the facts which had been laid bare when the council met in secret.

They demanded the resignation of the Town Clerk.

Their motion found no support. In the present economic stress, said an opposing member, when three million people were walking the streets, was it likely that their Town Clerk would obtain another situation if they turned him out?

This admirable sentiment won hearty applause.

Half-dismissal!

A sop was thrown to the public. They would suffer no loss, it was said, because any defalcations would be covered by insurance.

In the end the council decided to retain the services of Mr. Gough as Town Clerk, but dismissed him from his office as City Accountant and agreed to the appointment of a new accountant.

Only it did not use the word "dismiss." It called it "dissecting" his appointments.

This was done without a single charge being made or the slightest reason being given.

It is hardly surprising that the deliberate hushing of the reasons for these drastic and startling measures should have led to the growth of a vast crop of nasty rumours.

So long as this deplorable policy of silence is maintained, the civic governors of Ripon must not complain if the current reports not only gain credence, but return like boomerangs upon themselves.

Worse still, however, is the effect which this unwarranted secretiveness has had upon completely innocent people.

All suspect

While guilt, if there has been any, is not openly brought home to any individual or individuals, all the servants of the city, high and subordinate alike, must inevitably remain under a cloud.

What lies behind these strange occurrences?

When that question comes to be fully answered, as it must be, notwithstanding the astonishing diffidence of the civic

authorities, it will be found that the members of the City Council themselves cannot escape censure.

JOHN BULL has held its own investigation, and it is clear that the council members have had good reason for years to get down to facts. But they did nothing.

To-day they are merely cloaking their own inaction in fastening guilt long ago in the proper quarter.

In many ways it must have been obvious to them that the finances of the city were in a rotten state.

Case after case occurred of ratepayers being called upon, even under threat of legal proceedings, to pay accounts for which they had obtained receipts months before, and of moneys mysteriously going astray.

Scapegoat

Even letters containing demands by the income-tax authorities went unacknowledged and disregarded although they were sent by registered post.

The abstracts of the city's accounts have been so much worthless paper.

Some months ago, when the manager of one public service, unknown to the municipal chiefs, kept independent accounts of his department, the council in alarm compelled a minor official to resign.

It found a scapegoat and had no compunction in adding him to the three million unemployed on the streets.

What the public has not been told is that since the beginning of this year the council has privately engaged a celebrated accountant, Sir Leonard Coates, to investigate its affairs.

Sir Leonard found the municipal accounts in chaos. But an interim report which he personally presented has not been made known.

Upon this report the council in secret arrived at three resolutions containing definite charges of incompetence and negligence and ordered them to be printed.

They have not been printed but completely suppressed.

The plea has been advanced that the resolutions were only records of private debates, and publication of them would "humiliate" someone.

Absurdity

In this the citizens have been entirely misled. The failure legally and publicly to produce the vital minutes, we can reveal, is due to a movement engineered by certain members of the council who urged privately that publication would be defamatory!

If a city council could not print and publish its decisions and charges upon its own high officers, the day of clean local government and privilege would be ended.

The keys of the council chamber were taken from the Town Clerk when Sir Leonard Coates began his enquiry, which has been stopped half way by the amazing proceedings we have described. They have now been restored to him.

This astonishing state of things cannot, however, be brought so conveniently to rest. If ever there was a case requiring the attention of the Public Auditor it is the one of this city of secrecy.



Sir Leonard J. Coates, the eminent accountant, found the finances of the city in chaos

The GREATEST OFFER ever made ALL-BRITISH CLOTHING

TWEED COAT

only
235 2^d packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from sturdy North of England Tweed. Lounge jacket cut in new Spring Style. Three buttons on cuffs. Very attractive heather pattern. Chest measurements: 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42. Take measurement over waistcoat.

PULLOVER

only
45 2^d packets

A WARM, LIGHT AND SNUG-FITTING GARMENT from a famous Leicestershire firm. Made only by British labour. V neck—no sleeves. In grey, blue, fawn, and the new fashionable green.

grey FLANNELS

only
125 2^d packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from a specially fine, hard-wearing All-British flannel of good mid-grey shade. Latest style, full-cut, belt loops and buttons, two sidepockets. Sizes: Legs, 28 to 33 inclusive; Waists, 30 to 40 (even numbers). When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurement required.

ALL THREE GARMENTS

for

375

2^d
packet
fronts

Two more examples of
"SPORTS" All-British Gifts

SOCKS •• 25 2d. Packet Fronts

Full-length all-wool socks. British made with very comfortable but long-wearing ribbed knit. Black, Navy, Army Grey, or Heather. Sizes 10", 10½" or 11".

MUFFLERS. 75 2d. Packet Fronts

Wide all-wool fleecy mufflers 5 ft. long. Fast dyed in the colours of any Club in the English League, Scottish League, Rugby League or Speedway League. Tell us which colours you want.

B.D.V

SPORTS

CIGARETTES

NOW ALSO IN CARTONS 10 for 4d.
(Each 4d. Carton contains 2. packet fronts).

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., PROPRIETORS



IT WON'T TAKE TEN YEARS
to get the unemployed back
to work if you take advantage
of this stupendous offer.



A SHADY STUDIO

of ART

MANY correspondents have asked me for information concerning the recently established Southern Studios School of Commercial Art, 31, Peak Hill, Sydenham, S.E., and its principal, Mr. W. Vivian Challacombe.

First of all let me advise all young people, particularly young women, who may be contemplating taking up a course of instruction in commercial art under Mr. Challacombe to think again, and keep their fees in their pockets.

The truth of the matter is that Challacombe's Southern Studios School of Commercial Art is nothing but a newly-launched scheme for obtaining money from ambitious young people who have some talent for art.

Pupils wanted

This self-styled art expert has a small studio on the ground floor of a large detached house, pleasantly situated on Peak Hill, Sydenham, and I want to warn readers in the Southern counties that he also contemplates opening another studio in Brighton.

Challacombe's advertisements are already appearing in the local Press.

"Training under practical Studio and Works Conditions," they run. "Life Classes, etc. Students (both sexes), 15 to 20 years old, can enrol at any time."

Although the age limits of 15 to 20 years are mentioned, I have good reason to think that anybody under sixty who can pay Challacombe's fees will be welcomed with enthusiasm.

"Opportunity occurs for women as well as men in Commercial Art," he says in his prospectus. Undoubtedly, but not through his new studio scheme, I think.

Fees first

In reply to a request for information about his studio school, Challacombe sends out three booklets and other literature setting forth the wonders of the Southern Studios School of Commercial Art. "Learn to Earn" is the printed slogan.

Fees are payable in advance. The complete daily course of six months at the studio costs £21 cash.

But he is ready to make concessions and accept £5 5s. from a pupil on joining, plus five monthly payments of £3 7s.

When I come to probe Challacombe's

TELL US—BE TOLD!

THOUSANDS of readers take advantage of our Free Advice Service each week by laying their difficulties before us for expert investigation. But we are always ready to help others, and the same service is available for every reader.

If you are troubled by any personal grievance; if you are in doubt about some commercial venture or any proposition calling for financial outlay, we shall be only too happy to give you the best possible advice.

In the same way, those who consider that they have been victimised or unjustly treated in any respect have only to place their case before us to ensure its thorough investigation.



Here is the life class in one of London's most successful art schools. Fine institutions like this need fear no competition from Challacombe's newly-formed studio which we expose below

past career several illuminating facts emerge which seem to call for a little comment.

He has cruelly deserted his wife and five children, and has since associated with a married woman whose parents have good reason to condemn him.

He appeared before the magistrates at Croydon recently, and was ordered to pay his wife £3 a week to enable her to support herself and his five children.

These are but two side-lights on Challacombe's past.

This man has the brazen impudence to state in his studio prospectus that "Every regard is given to discipline, which, whilst being rigid, is by no means irksome."

"Tuition can commence at any time, as each pupil is taken in hand individually," says this Professor of Commercial Art, and I have no doubt at all that he will be only too eager to take in hand any youngster who can provide the necessary fees.

For that reason let me warn the parents of young people who possess artistic talent to think carefully before they allow them to take up a course of study at the Southern Studios School of Commercial Art.

For I can give a great deal of information to show that Challacombe is quite unfitted to preside over such an institution.

During the past few years he has made a living by opening up businesses dealing with the artistic side of advertising in London and the provinces.

His usual method is to rent a small office or workshop and transform it into a studio.

He then advertises for premium pupils who pay a sum of £30 for training in commercial art. They invariably receive training for a few weeks or months before the business collapses and Challacombe disappears to open up again shortly afterwards on similar lines.

Other schemes

Not long ago Challacombe descended upon Bedford as the managing director of the newly-formed Display Manufacturing Co., Ltd., and opened premises at 5, Mill Street, Bedford, with branches, according to his printed cards, at London, Sutton, Manchester and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

There are many people in the quiet town of Bedford who are sorry that Challacombe ever came to the district. These include a large number of premium pupils who paid him £30 for training, and a number of local tradesmen who have had most unsatisfactory transactions with him.

Challacombe was writing to his disillusioned premium pupils as follows:

"I very regretfully have to inform you

that I cannot continue to carry on the Display Manufacturing Co., Ltd., and it will perforce go into liquidation. As you know, I have paid salaries for a considerable time out of my own pocket, and one of your number gave me splendid assistance to enable me to carry on, but pressure is now too great."

Disillusion

Indeed, pressure had been so great that this managing director was not above borrowing half-crowns from his pupils, and one of them at least found when attempting to claim unemployment benefit that pressure had been so great that Challacombe had forgotten to stamp his insurance card!

Leaving a trail of debts behind him, Challacombe returned to London, and shortly afterwards opened up last year as "Signs and Displays," Advertising Specialists, at 191a, Stanstead Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

Here again he found premium pupils, and here again before the end of the year the business crashed in a cloud of debt and disillusion for his pupils and business associates.

Another chapter in the hectic career

of this smooth-tongued advertising expert had been concluded.

Now he has appeared at Sydenham with his flamboyant scheme for snatching premiums from the unwary by means of his precious Southern Studios School of Commercial Art.

So it will be seen that a warning is greatly needed.

Strange "combine"

Although Challacombe does not guarantee to find pupils a salaried position, he suggests that his studio is run in association with a "combine" of printers who make continuous use of sketches for national advertisers.

Strangely enough, the house at Peak Hill, Sydenham, the studio headquarters of Challacombe, has also been the home of Schaffer, another printing trade expert, whose past activities have been severely criticised in these columns.

Homely Wisdom
by Canon R. J.
Campbell, D.D.

The STIGMA

THE other day in a military court, during one of the most painful trials that have ever taken place, the counsel for the defence uttered the following terrible sentence: "In this case this officer's life is ruined, whatever the result of the trial may be, and he knows it."

The speaker went on to say that any kind of life which could be lived in after days by the man on whose behalf he was pleading would be entirely worthless, whether he was acquitted or not.

The words must have sounded like a death-knell to the person chiefly concerned, and not to him only, but to those to whom he was dear and who were present to listen to them, including his mother. Thousands who read them the next day would do so, as I did, with a feeling of intense compassion for the forlorn little group whose hearts they wrung.

What a rough thing human justice is! I make no comment on the verdict given in this case; I am confident that the case was conducted as fairly as any similar case could have been conducted in the whole world and more fairly than most.

But how often it happens that when we condemn an offender, either legally or socially or both, we inflict more pain upon those that love him than we do upon himself!

And how do we know how much or how little anyone deserves as the penalty of his misdeeds? We can only judge by appearances, and appearances are often wrong.

We can do no other than judge; we must judge; he is no friend of humanity

who can see no difference between a criminal and a good citizen. If we are to keep our moral standards clean and high we must be prepared to vindicate them at the cost of those who disregard them.

Yet no candid onlooker at a moral tragedy can help sympathising with the ejaculation of a famous divine when he saw a murderer going to the scaffold: "But for God's grace there go I." And it was one of the saintliest of modern Englishmen who wrote:

"I often feel in my own thoughts
When they lie nearest Thee,
That the worst men I ever knew
Were better men than me."

Which of us knows what he might have been but for restraining influences and good examples for which the credit belongs to others rather than to himself?

Let us think of this when we look upon anyone suffering through his own fault. Still more let us think of it with respect and silence when attention is directed to anyone compelled to endure agonies of grief for the fault of another.

There are many in the world to-day whose hearts have been broken and their whole life shadowed because of their connection with a loved one who has fallen into disgrace, merited or unmerited.

Our fitting attitude in their presence is that of the bowed head and the friendly hand. Never turn your back on one in such sore extremity, for the same sorrow might be yours some day.

The anguish endured by Jesus on Calvary's cross did not spare the gentle mother who stood weeping at its foot.

The WORLD MIS



His Most Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad. With riches amounting to fifty million pounds, he once haggled with an ice-cream vendor over a few coppers . . .

by a SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

AN income of over a million pounds a year; vast private estates; a hoard of notes and bullion commonly estimated to be of the value of fifty million pounds; and a disinclination to spend a rupee or an anna.

These are the qualifications of His Most Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, reputed to be the world's richest miser.

His State is the largest, most populous, richest native State in India. It has an area nearly as large as Great Britain, and a population twice that of Portugal or Austria. Its revenue is steadily growing and is now about eight million pounds a year.

Its fertility is amazing. It boasts the richest nobles of India and the poorest peasantry. And its ruler is a byword throughout Hindustan.

The Nizam is the direct descendant

of the Viceroys of the old Mogul Emperor. At a critical period in the history of British expansion an ancestor signed a treaty of alliance with the British Raj, and to-day the ruler boasts the proud title of "Faithful Ally." In his own domains he is referred to as a "king." His nobles speak of their "Imperial Master."

He has an army, a crowd of palaces, and he is an honorary Lieutenant-General in the British Army. And yet his carefulness, his reluctance to spend the smallest coin, is proverbial.

Brewing trouble

Some years ago the unsatisfactory character of his Administration attracted the attention of even the tolerant Government of India. All sorts of malpractices were known. Justice was bought and sold. The

revenue was farmed and administrators owed their position to the caprice of the Prince.

Grave discontent was brewing, helped by the fact that the majority of the inhabitants are Hindus while the ruling minority are Moslems. The Nizam was making too much money out of the State.

So the Government of India stepped in. A Council of Government was formed and British officials were put in charge. They changed the tone and efficiency of the Administration; but they could not change the nature of His Exalted Highness.

His own bank

Somewhere in his main palace in Hyderabad His Highness has built a bullion chamber. Here he keeps his hoard—in notes and bullion, notes of all denominations from Bank of England notes to dollars. Here are gold bars and gold coins, and here the ruler of the State spends his happiest hours counting and re-counting his wealth.

He distrusts banks, and will have nothing to do with them. He thinks them unsafe, and prefers his own methods.

But some time ago he received a shock. Nothing is safe in India from white ants. These insects broke in, and before they were discovered had eaten the best part of a million rupees worth of notes.

Luckily for the Nizam the notes were Hyderabad ones, and the Finance Member of the Council was immediately ordered to print another lot to take the place of the white ants' meal.

A conspiracy

There was also—so it is said—another leakage. Even in the matter of his huge retinue he is economical. Over their diet, their clothes, and their pin-money he exercises the most careful supervision.

You are told that he personally serves their evening meal and deals out portions of varying and inadequate amounts.

"You," he will say, addressing one timid lady, "you are losing your figure. You are eating too much." And a small portion is the result.

"You," to another, "have been eating sweets. You cannot have much appetite."

"You visited your mother to-day. Doubtless you had a meal with her." And that poor woman receives a microscopic plateful.

Kept in this unsatisfactory position, some of them—according to Hyderabad gossip—conspired. They knew of the secret hoard. They found the roof, and made an entrance, and then fished out packets of notes with hooks and string and glue.

The wrath of their lord and master was as nothing compared to the agony of his mind.

He himself eats most sparsely, at his own expense. Every afternoon he leaves his palace—a dingy, ill-kept, barrack-like place, far inferior to the superb luxurious dwellings of his nobles—to visit a mosque in the centre of the town and then to see his mother.

All the roads are guarded by

smart-looking policemen, clad, of course, at the public expense. You hear a series of shrill whistles and then a broken-down, dilapidated, ancient and cheap American car rattles by, respectfully saluted by the passers-by. No Rolls-Royce for the Nizam: the petrol consumption is too high.

At his mother's he is given a meal, said to be the one real meal of the day. It is free and costs him nothing, for he has to make the journey for prayer.

As he leaves his palace the quarter-guard turns out and performs some shambling kind of military movement which might look like a "present arms." The general effect is not helped by its composition.

Ragged bodyguard

As distrustful as most Oriental Princes, the Nizam insists on a composite bodyguard, and so you see four or five different (and shabby) uniforms, firearms of various periods, and soldiers ranging from pure Arabs to pure-blooded negroes. The effect is not impressive.

At the entrance to the palace there is a room in which is kept the visitors' book. As a visitor to the capital it is considered courteous to call by writing your name in the book. Now, one of the Nizam's foibles is that he cannot bear any waste of paper. The visitors' book is an excellent example.

When the King and Queen visited India for the great Delhi Durbar before the War all the ruling Princes of India went to the new capital. Their prestige was involved, and they competed with one another as to their tents, their equipage, their bodyguard.

The Nizam was forced into this (for him) unwelcome and extravagant display, and one detail which must have grieved him badly was a superb, enormous, leather-bound visitors' book, the binding finely gilt and tooled and stamped with the crest of Hyderabad.

Precious scraps

At Delhi only a few pages of this enormous volume were used—hundreds stood blank. The economical mind of the Nizam refused to accept defeat. The Delhi Durbar book stands outside the palace to-day—rather worn, rather shabby, rather dirty, ink-stained, man-handled, even a little greasy, but still possessing white virgin pages for the signatures of visitors.

The waste of paper in official documents and letters is a perpetual grievance with him. He carefully tears off from the bottom of the letters he receives the clean portion and uses the salvage for his correspondence.

I have seen invitations to dinner with His Highness scrawled on these fragments. His notes or memoranda are all written on these torn-off

Y'S RICHEST

ER



The principal palace of the Nizam. Here he keeps his great hoard in notes and bullion, and spends happy hours counting his wealth

scraps, and the wide official margin on a State document upsets him more than a reproof from Simla.

I was privileged to see his Christmas card to one of his most important officials—an Englishman of distinguished service. In his neat, efficient, tastefully furnished office it commanded attention. It was hanging on the wall, and its garish colouring and nature caught the eye.

"What on earth is that?" I asked. "A Christmas token of His Highness's esteem," I was told. "It is, as a matter of fact, an advertisement calendar of a match company. (The picture, in hideous colours, shows an Indian woman holding a torch.)"

"His Highness tore off the name of the company, and incidentally tore the picture in half, and wrote in pencil on the side his good wishes to myself and my wife. The little man would be hurt if I did not keep it."

The experiences of his nobles are equally amusing and sometimes decidedly annoying. A friend of mine was staying with one Nawab, an old Etonian and a man of culture. He came out of the palace one afternoon to take a motor-car drive round the countryside.

His host was with him, but he was going to the Nizam. In front of the house were two cars—one a superb Rolls-Royce, the other a battered old Chevrolet.

Begum's shock

"That's a nice kind of vehicle to give a guest," said my friend, pointing to the ancient specimen.

"Not at all," replied the Nawab, "that is for me. The other is yours. You see, if I went to the palace of my Imperial Master in a good car he would begin by admiring it and finally he would borrow it and I would never get it again."

The Begum of another Nawab had an annoying experience with the Nizam. She was a relative of sorts, and on the occasion of some family

bereavement went round to pay a visit of condolence. Her husband met her about to leave.

"If I were you, my dear," he said mildly, "I would leave any jewellery behind, especially that rope of pearls."

"Nonsense," said the Begum, and left, to return in an hour in tears.

"You were right," she sobbed. "You were right. He told me it was too valuable to carry about and said he would take care of it for me."

Hyderabad is full of these stories. They tell you of how His Highness is mistaken by callers for a servant, of how he bargains with sweetmeat sellers, of how he reproves his nobles for extravagance.

The Nizam haggles . . .

One told me how His Highness one day on the racecourse asked for some ice-cream, but refused to allow his servants to go for it. So one noble went to a vendor and bought some. The Nizam asked how much he had paid, and when he was told stormed at the exorbitant price—a few annas—and the tip.

An intelligent man in many ways—deeply interested in vernacular education and Moslem culture—the Nizam keeps abreast of modern thought in a most conveniently economical manner.

He is always asking his nobles and officials what they are reading. "Is it good?" And when he is told "Yes," he invariably "borrows" the book, which means that it disappears for good.

Perhaps the best of the Nizam stories is the one told by a brother prince, whose generosity is lavish in the extreme. It concerns an incident at a State banquet at Hyderabad when the Nizam was sitting at the head of the table between two other princes. A bottle of champagne was reluctantly circulated between the three, each precious drop being closely watched by His Exalted Highness.

The prince who tells this story felt mischievous. Sitting opposite was his Prime Minister, a thirsty man,

who was watching the solitary bottle with ill-concealed disgust.

"I think, your Highness, that So-and-so would enjoy a glass of champagne," he announced.

"Oh, you do, do you," said the Nizam. "Why?"

"Medical reasons, your Highness." The Nizam squirmed a while, and then beckoned the waiter. "Give the sahib with the moustache one glass of champagne," he ordered.

Moustache comedy

The servant departed and began to pour out a glass. "No, no, no," shouted the Nizam. "The other sahib, the other moustache."

The servant, panic-stricken, found another thirsty moustache.

Again the Nizam stormed. Finally the right moustache was found, but the mistake had meant another bottle and the Nizam sulked all the evening.

When Lord Irwin, then the Viceroy, visited Hyderabad the palace usually reserved for visitors was found to be in a bad condition.

Not a penny would the Nizam spend. That had to be a charge on the State. When they told him that the Viceroy would require some good cars, he moaned, hired one, and borrowed the others.

But the real fight was over the gold plate. For long the Nizam refused to bring it out. It would get lost; it would be stolen; it would get damaged. Finally he was persuaded.

A favourite at the Nizam's Court is the beautiful Princess Durru Shehvar, the only daughter of the ex-Sultan of Turkey. Recently she married the Nizam's son, His Highness Nawabzada Azam Jah



DOGS MUST PURIFY THEIR BLOOD in Spring



DENIED NATURE'S
AD YOUR DOG NEEDS
YOUR HELP NOW

YOUR dog does not perspire, because his skin is non-porous. Consequently he cannot adjust the heat of his body to the heat of the day. On every warm day he overheats, and if his blood is pure it does him no harm, but if you forget to condition him before the hot weather comes, he will have to suffer the miseries of impure and overheated blood all through summer. You must purify your dog's bloodstream now. Nature is ready to help, for she provides blood correctives among certain wild grasses and herbage. As these are beyond your dog's reach, he looks to you to provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system. The difference in your dog's condition, when his blood is pure will amaze you.

A FREE SAMPLE PACKET (full 6d. size) of Bob Martin's Condition Powders may be had on application, stating breed and age of dog, to Bob Martin Ltd., 43 Union Street, Southampton.
1/- boxes of 21 Powders, and 6d. packets of 9 Powders from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

That is why
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YOU won't think long before you think of Robbialac. Wise thought! This world-famous Enamel restores showroom smartness to cycles, motor cycles, and cars. Its smooth ease of application precludes poor results; the beauty of its rich, lustrous finish is lasting—impervious to wear and weather—no cracking, no chipping, no peeling—no wonder repairs or renovations with Robbialac are so satisfactory and so truly economical.

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AMBUSHED!

—in a REBELLION

WHEN the Moplah rebellion broke out in August, 1921, I was a trooper serving with the Queen's Bays, stationed at Bangalore, in India, after a fair apprenticeship in Palestine, Syria and Flanders.

A regimental scout, my days were spent studying map-reading, heliograph signalling, and learning to ride hard and shoot straight.

Suddenly, one scorching afternoon, our training was rudely interrupted by the arrival of a mounted orderly from brigade headquarters with a message for Colonel Rome, C.M.G., D.S.O.

And in less time than it takes to tell, the trumpet was sounding, sergeant-majors were swearing, and 130 rapidly-selected men were strapping full marching-order kit to the backs of as many good, sound horses.

Knowing little of what was afoot, we marched to the railway station, and there embarked for an unknown



"I swung the steel hilt of my sword over with full force into the bearded man's face"

their huts beseeching our protection, but we were unable to make ourselves understood. There were many tracks and pathways, but not a single signpost, so that we were obliged to decide a direction by compass point.

Our decisions proving fortunate, we covered about thirty miles by 12 o'clock, and halting every hour or so to rest our horses, we were soon approaching the defile in the hills displayed on the map I had secured

to my saddle bow.

It was my duty to keep the connecting file behind us within sight over my shoulder, although, so winding was the path, wending its tortuous way in and out among the undergrowth, that this was rarely possible.

"Water and feed" came the signal from the rear when it was plain that the village we sought could not be far away.

And water for our horses, I may add, we carried in a spare nosebag attached to our saddles, a wise precaution of our commander, who guessed that the wells were probably poisoned.

The people in the small scattered hamlets through which we now passed were obviously hostile, and I instinctively gripped my rifle more firmly as they swarmed around.

One surly-looking scoundrel threw a knife that whizzed a foot before my face and close to Mac's ear, and he, being Gaelic and fair-headed, wanted to shoot, but I restrained him.

WE were some two miles from the mosques and minarets denoting our destination when I heard the sound of galloping hoofs behind, and a sergeant came up with instructions from our squadron leader that Mac and I should ride straight through the township we were about to raid.

"We're going to surround it," said the sergeant. "But we don't want to arouse the suspicions of the rebel leaders whom we are to arrest."

"Now somebody's for it," grunted Mac.

"Don't get into any trouble," warned the sergeant. "Just walk through as though you were riding in Whitehall." He looked us up and down. Both well-mounted upon horses with only about ten months' training since they had left the remount depot, Mac and myself were within a few months of the age of twenty-one.

"Squadron leader's orders are that you must use your own initiative—there's no telling what may happen. But he doesn't want to scare these folks. I should carry swords if I were you—"

(Continued on page 26)

destination. We travelled till midnight, watered and fed, and then proceeded onwards through mountain, valley and jungle, until late the following evening we arrived at Shuranur.

By then Dame Rumour had informed us that the whole of the Moplah population was in revolt over an area of some hundreds of square miles from the Nilgiri Hills to the coast of Malabar.

The railway ahead had been destroyed; bridges had been blown up; planters and their wives and children had been butchered or were flying for their lives, and the Hindu people were in a state of terror.

The Moplahs, it may be mentioned, are the pure-bred descendants of those Arabs who settled in these parts some hundreds of years ago, and now, armed with knives, swords, laths, shot-guns and revolvers stolen from native police headquarters, they were on the warpath.

Two companies of infantry which had joined our moving column were despatched to strategic centres here and there, at least seventy miles afield, whilst we picketed our horses beneath the coconut trees on the banks of that wide flowing river, the Ponani.

The following morning we were early astir. The busy hours during which we rubbed down our mounts and cleaned our weapons, washed and fed, scarcely afforded time for rest until, when dawn broke at 5 a.m., we were mustering on parade.

MAJOR STONE, an old South African campaigner with considerable experience, was in command of our tiny force; and although the stories we heard of rape, arson and murder were terrible to a degree, he had full confidence.

The deputy commissioner in charge of the district was able to inform our commander of the movements of the insurgents, and to suggest a place where the leaders might be found.

"But have a care," he counselled.

"JOHN BULL"
Readers' Stories

33

"They outnumber you by a hundred to one."

However—we were the "cavalry." I was thrilled to the heart when, handing me an ordnance map of the neighbourhood, Major Stone ordered me to choose a companion to ride on ahead as scouts.

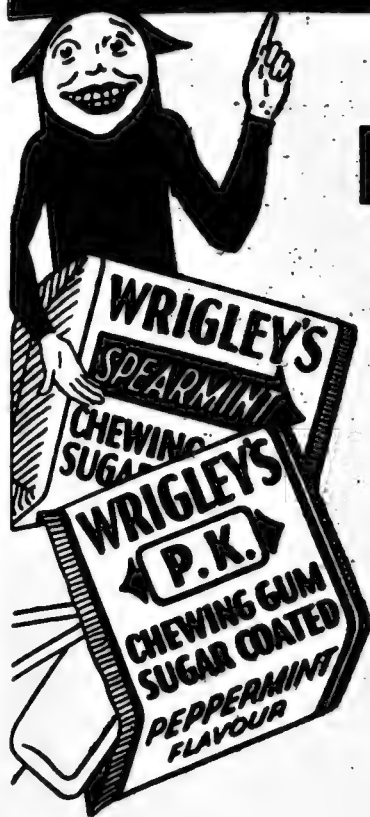
"Proceed to this village in the hollow south of the spur in the hills indicated here," he directed. "There is no straight track, so do the best you can. Take your pace from the rear, report any difficulties, and if in doubt—remember you are armed!"

Inviting my bosom chum, MacFarland, to come along, I set out along the narrow winding path leading to a forest of dense tropical jungle, with small cleared patches of cultivated land surrounding tiny villages at intervals.

The heat grew terrific, and although we wore both helmet and spine-pads we could feel the strong rays drilling into our backs as we rode along.

Anybody who has carried a rifle in one hand and managed a well-fed horse with the other for hours on end will appreciate what I mean when I say it was gruelling. Mac and I took it in turns to carry either rifle or sword, the latter being considerably lighter.

The Hindu people came flocking from



Refreshing on a tiring journey

That tiring journey at the end of a hard day's work is less fatiguing if you take Wrigley's with you. Its delightful refreshing flavour leaves your mouth fresh and

cool, and the very act of chewing has a soothing effect on strained nerves. Always carry a packet of Wrigley's in your handbag.

Wrigley's is made of the very finest ingredients obtainable—in two famous flavours—P.K., pure peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, pure mint leaf flavour. Four pieces in a packet, which costs only 1d.

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You will get the very finest footwear values where you see this showcard..

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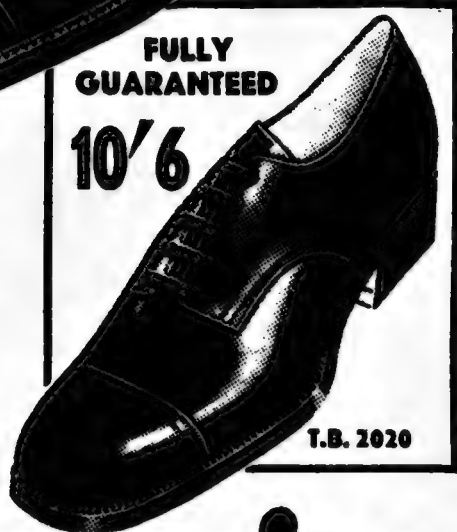
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Heel. Medium Smart Toe. 10/6.
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2011, and Black Glace Kid, Patent Cap.
No. T.B. 2013. 10/6.

TEMERAIRE No. T.B. 2020 (right)
Gent's Black Chrome Box Derby Shoe.
Goodyear Welted. Wide Fitting. Leather
Sole, Rubber Heel. 10/6.



T.B. 2020

Temeraire

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BRITISH AND UNBEATABLE

Don't hesitate to write to us if you have difficulty in obtaining
and we will send you the name of our nearest stockist.

John White (Impregnable Boots) Ltd., Rushden, Northants.

regds

AN INSPIRATION



says

JESSIE MATTHEWS

Miss Jessie Matthews, the famous British Film Star, writes:—"During long days and late nights rehearsing, I have found Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream invaluable for keeping a nice complexion. It clings perfectly without clogging and maintains a lasting, lovely finish. It seems to me such an excellent idea to have combined the powder and cream in one, and the mirror in the bottom of the jar is a real inspiration."

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CREAM
MIRROR

ALL
IN ONE
1/-

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POWDER-CREAM

Go in and
buy your Fox's
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when you

SEE THIS
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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

you'll find rifles diffi-
cult to handle in a
crowd."

They all knew that
the job we had in
hand was fraught
with more than a
spice of danger. The
Moplahs are a mystic,
fanatical tribe, not
really natives of
India, but idol-wor-
shipping pagans with
Arabic customs and
speaking the
Malayan tongue.

We were the first
British troops to be
actively engaged in
this rebellion, and the
eighty-six British
soldiers who fell in
ambushes during the
next three weeks had
not at this time smelt
cordite.

"Come on, Mac," said I, and we
pushed forward through a glade of
sandalwood trees into a street lined
with mutty huts and straw-roofed
houses, and were at once surrounded by
throngs of grimly scowling Moplahs,
many of whom were armed.

I NOTICED that all the shops in the
bazaar were closed, and that, as
though fearful of prowling tigers,
in most houses the shutters were up.

I was beginning to feel thankful that
we had spent months in the riding-
school teaching our horses how to be-
have and to respond to gripping legs
and caressing rein, when just as we
entered the market-place a bunch of
wild-looking youths, carrying miscel-
laneous weapons, remained stolid in our
path, refusing to budge.

"Ride 'em down, Mac," I called, realis-
ing that not only the success of our
mission but also our own lives now de-
pend upon our fearless demeanour.

I knew that the squadron was some
distance in rear or to the flank, and
that nobody was within call; but I was
not sure whether these half-naked
brown men were aware of the move-
ments of troops. At that moment, too,
drums in the near vicinity began a
tremulous rumbling which increased to
a fiery rat-a-plan.

Touching the sensitive hide of my
mount with my spurs, I lifted him for-
ward into a cloud of thick yellow dust,
amid which I saw brown bodies, arms
and legs. And I saw Mac go plunging
forward, his sword ready to thrust.

My horse's forelegs coming down

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humor from the
current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings
must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each
item published. When the same "slip" is sent
by more than one reader, prize is awarded to
first opened.

COVENTRY MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—
"See for yourself if this delicious tonic
wine is not in very deed a perfect cure
for jagged nerves."

LEEK POST, CHEADLE TIMES AND MOOR-
LAND ADVERTISER:—"Serious fighting in
the past few days have resulted in rela-
tively HAPPY casualties on both sides."

ISLE OF MAN EXAMINER:—"That the
Public AMUSEMENTS Committee be
directed to consider the prices of grave
spaces and fees charged in connection
with the Borough Cemetery."

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE GUARDIAN:—"This
will drain away any grease, and add to
the crispness, instead of INCREASING it."

HEYWOOD ADVERTISER:—"Long-distance
circular tours—RAIN and hotel week-end
tickets."

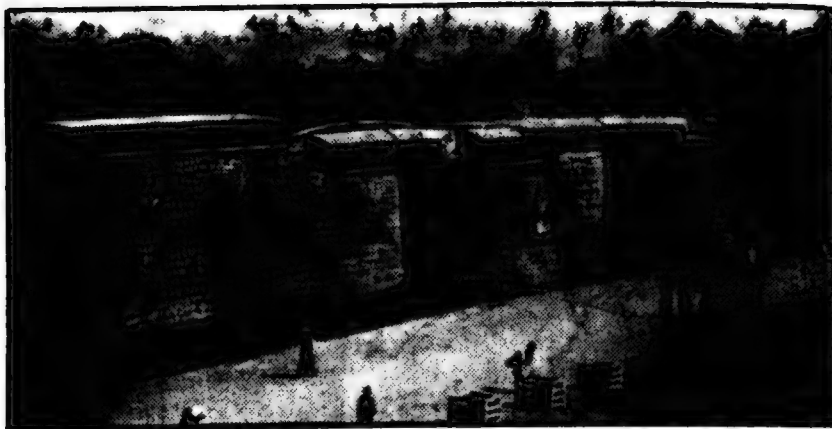
YARMOUTH INDEPENDENT, GORLESTON
TIMES, AND FLEGG JOURNAL:—"The BLUE
BAG was hoisted at the end of Gorleston
Pier."

BUCKS FREE PRESS:—"Work in connec-
tion with internal decorations at New-
town Road was almost complete and the
EXTERNAL decorations were also nearing
completion."

TIMES:—"French dressmaker wants to
ENLARGE her customers at home."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"The POTS
and writers of the nineteenth century are
well represented."

"AMBUSHED!—IN A REBELLION"—Continued from page 24



The Old Fort in Bangalore

A Hand-to-Hand
Encounter

among a dozen armed rebels, I lost
sight of Mac for a moment. Glancing
down, I caught a glimpse of a bearded
face, and eyes that were blazing with
hate and fury. I saw an upraised hand,
brandishing a knife such as is used to
cut the nuts from a coconut palm, and
noticed that the fellow was mounting
upon a tree-stump, preparing to strike.

Unable to move forward because of
the crush, my horse paused in his stride,
and another man came pressing to my
right leg. The first was too close to me
to enable me to use my sword, and for
a second, whilst both attackers threat-
ened, I thought of home.

THEN, mechanically, as though
dummy-thrusting on an assault
course in barracks, I swung the
steel hilt of my sword over with full
force into the bearded man's face.

Down he went with a grunt, and at
the same time I kicked my other assail-
ant under the chin. Glancing round, I
caught sight of Mac, hitting, cursing,
in the midst of a score of them.

Fighting mad, the Moplahs seethed
about us—hundreds of them, hungry for
blood, angered, roused to fury.

Thrusting and hitting to right and
left, I rode to Mac's aide, and for a
moment the pair of us created clouds of
dust, during which time the remainder
of the squadron was enveloping the
village—as yet, unseen. They were yet
some distance away, and we were alone
with the mob.

Mac's horse suddenly limped and went
dead lame. The poor beast lifted its
foreleg and stood, whilst horrified I saw
the rebels closing round. The situation
was tense.

One burly Moplah, seeing that some-
thing was wrong, came swinging an iron
bar, aiming at my companion from be-
hind, until I stopped him with six inches
of steel in his ribs.

"Return your sword and get your

rifle, Mac," I shouted
above the din. "Get
down between your
horse and me—it's
likely he's picked up
a stone."

That was precisely
what had happened.
While Mac dug out
the flint that had
lodged between the
frog and iron shoe, I
rode around him.
Looking back upon it,
I can see it as a glori-
ous minute in any
second of which dis-
aster might have de-
scended upon us both.

Believe me, luck
plays a large part at
such times. Knives
were whirling, laths
threatening, and to
right and left of us
the throngs of rebels tried their utter-
most to drag me from the saddle.

Mac was straightening up when a
fellow wearing a green turban, who had
sneaked to his rear, brought a piece of
wood tipped with steel down upon his
helmet from behind.

Thanks to the fact that his helmet
was new, the blow was broken. Turn-
ing around with a yell, MacFarland
clubbed the attacker, and he fell to
earth. Then Mac mounted.

MY arm was bleeding, and the skin
was barked from my knuckles.
One of my puttees was undone
and the ends were streaming. A missile
had stung me in the ribs and left an
unpleasant-looking wound.

It was all over in about three minutes,
by which time there came a lull—our
men were entering the town. Endeav-
ouring to appear as though nothing
had occurred, Mac and I rode on, and,
in a clearing at the far end, dismounted
to attend to cuts and bruises.

Then—"My God!" ejaculated Mac.
I looked, and saw what had once been
a bungalow, such as sahibs and their
wives and families occupy, in smoulder-
ing ruins. And sprawling before the
yawning door were the bodies of the
planter and his wife.

Then it was that I realised how nar-
row had been our escape.

I may add in conclusion that we did
capture the rebel leaders, and took them
with about three hundred followers to
Shuranur. Also that two of the Moplahs
—one of whom was the bearded man—
were ultimately executed.

In the days that followed we patrolled
over hundreds of square miles.

But the determination with which we
acted on that first occasion doubtlessly
saved many a life—Moplah more than
British. Yet we never lost a horse nor
fired a shot.

NEXT WEEK: A reader tells of a
grim struggle for life with a crocodile
in the Zambesi river.

The "Greatest
of These—"
Fund.

BECAUSE this fund, like many funds,
is feeling the pinch of hard times
and is in low water, we give a few
details from three or four out of
the many authentic and highly recom-
mended cases on our waiting-list:

1. A family in the Midlands doing their
best to keep their heads above water on
a very small income following a long
period of unemployment when the rent
unavoidably fell into arrears. Then comes
tragedy knocking at the door.

Their five-year-old little girl while out
with her sister runs in front of a motor-
van, is knocked down, and dies the same
evening. "Accidental death" is the jury's
verdict, so there is no compensation, and
the child's dad, already up against it to
provide for his four young children, is
faced with funeral expenses.

"I am behind with my rent, which is
13s. 4d. weekly, and I could not manage
to pay my funeral expenses in full, and
this is a great worry," he writes.

2. A family in Scotland, described as
"most exemplary crofting people," makes
an appeal to us as a last resort because
they have twice had bad luck with their
cow—one of their means of support.

All that this crofter earns as a farm

Sad Waiting-List

labourer is 15s. a week, and his wife makes
about 5s. a week by selling eggs. There
are two boys aged eleven and eight; their
half-year's rent, amounting to £4 10s., is
due, and they have nothing to meet it
with, besides lacking clothes and food.

3. An unemployed ex-Service man, with
a wife and six young children, threatened
with eviction, because, out of his "dole"
of 21s. a week, he could not pay the rent
of his bungalow at 14s. a week. Now,
when his wife is expecting another child,
the bailiff has come in to turn them out.

"When I was able to go out to work,"
says this poor man's wife, "I did so and
managed to pay a few shillings off the
rent, but now I have this little one com-
ing. My husband has been everywhere
to try and get a house or some sort of
shelter, but he is unemployed and people
won't listen to him."

We have no space to quote more, and
can only hope that our readers will listen
to these cries of distress and send dona-
tions.

These should be addressed to The
Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers'
Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and
will be acknowledged where names and
addresses are given.

SAY IT WITH SAUSAGES

*-it's nicer
with
Mustard*
- Colman's Mustard



Eat this delicious
healthful cereal



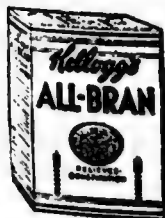
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not a medicine; it is a gentle laxative, safer and so much better than most purgatives and pills. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is 100% bran and forms a soft mass which cleans the entire intestinal tract.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is

one of the most delicious breakfast foods in the world. Just eat two tablespoonfuls every morning with cold milk or cream. No cooking required.

Buy a packet today from your grocer and stop constipation from troubling you further.

FREE: "A New Way of Living," a complete booklet on constipation, also diets, recipes and menus. Illustrated in full colour. Send a postcard for your free copy.



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KELLOGG COMPANY of GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W. C. 2



... if it weren't
for my feet!

Unhappy, hobbling, wincing feet—sorely trying—longing for the next step to be the very last . . . Oh, the relief of a hot foot bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it! Spent tissues gathering strength, comfort coming back. Soothing water coaxing pain away. Thankful feet, restored, responsive—eager to carry you lightly and gladly—Oh, what a relief!



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Bath Cubes

Lavender, Lily of the Valley,
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of 3 cubes for 6d., or 6 for 1/-

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HUGE CROSSWORD PRIZE AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT

Result of Competition No. 208

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:

G. WOODS, "Male," St. Edmund's Road, Folkestone,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £500 and a Pension of £100 a Year for life, or a lump sum of £1,250.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 9, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following seven competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £14 5s. 9d.:-

R. BUCKLEY, 101, Middlewood Road, Sheffield.
C. COX, Lords Hill, Colford, Glos.
H. MILES, Llanmadoc, Gower, Swansea.
Mrs. W. A. NORMAN, 44, Locking Road, Weston-super-Mare.
G. SMITH, Pigeons Gate, Pudding, Sussex.
Miss J. TIMBERLAKE, 121, Lansdowne Road, Cardiff.
H. J. WRIGHT, 3, High Street, Dover.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 208: 27 competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered in this contest, and payments of £3 14s. 1d. each will be despatched accordingly.

Another splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £100 and £500 cash and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 40. Try your skill now!



If Johnnie can't wake up in the morning...



and is always slow at school...



Give him a plate of POST TOASTIES that'll wake him up!

Made from golden ripe Indian Corn, Post Toasties are the most delicious Corn Flakes in the world. They are specially made to stay crisp in milk or cream. Post Toasties are called the "wake-up" food because they're so easily digested—so ready to release their store of quick, new energy. Buy a big packet today for breakfast tomorrow.

Made in Canada.

ONLY 7½ D



The Grape-Nuts Company, Ltd., 38 Upper Ground Street, London, S.E.1.

Slaves of Blackmail

JUDGES inflict very heavy punishment upon blackmailers. And no punishment can be too heavy.

I am not sure that this crime should not rank equally with murder. I am sure that its consequences are often far more terrible. When a person commits murder, it is often a sudden and unpremeditated act. But the victim of blackmail is torn by slow and cruel torture until his nerves break down and in desperation he often seeks a way out in suicide.

Amongst my letters this week is one from a man who tells me that he and his wife have been exceedingly happy during their brief married life of two years. But into their Garden of Eden the serpent has appeared. The letter goes on:

"Three years ago I lodged with some friends of mine and, to my utter shame, when the husband was away from home on business, his wife and I became too familiar and misconduct took place on several occasions.

"This husband has, in some way, discovered our guilty secret, and the other day he stopped me when I was going to my office. In a threatening way he said that he was out of work, and unless I loaned him £5 he intended to reveal to my wife what had happened.

"Foolishly, I did as he asked because I dreaded the consequences if he carried out his threat. You see my wife is the soul of honour, and I am sure she would never forgive me for such dastardly conduct.

"Now this man has come to me again, and I can only do as he demands by going to a moneylender.

"I have always appreciated your advice, and I will leave matters in your hands. What shall I do?"

There is an unsavoury taste about this case. First of all, let me deal with my correspondent. Lodging with a man he called his friend, he took advantage of that friend's absence to be familiar with his wife on several occasions. Since then he has married, and he says that his wife would never forgive him for such "dastardly conduct." And quite frankly in my judgment it takes some forgiving!

NOW let me turn to the man who is blackmailing him. I admit that he has been wronged, but this does not give him the right to extort money as a recompense. He is treading on very dangerous ground, and unless he is very careful, he will find himself in Queer Street.

My correspondent, foolishly as he now admits, responded to his first demand. He must never do it again. A blackmailer is like a vicious animal, once having tasted blood he will never rest until the victim is bled white.

"But what am I to do?" wails this man. "There is my wife to think about."

My advice to him is to tell his wife everything that has happened. It will come far better from him than from an outsider, and by so doing he will cut the ground from under the blackmailer's feet.

He can take courage in this fact—he has those two happy years of married life on his side. After all, when it comes to a reckoning, surely they will count in the balance.

And now for my second case. This time it concerns a young fellow of twenty-three, who writes to tell me that since he was sixteen he has been employed by a multiple firm of grocers.

Some little time ago he secreted a parcel of groceries, and was caught by his manager in the act of taking them home. He expected to be dismissed, but the weeks went by and nothing happened. The letter goes on:

"Two months ago the manager asked me to leave a parcel at his house on my way home, and he has repeated this request every week.

"I happen to be friendly with the girl in the cash desk and to my horror I discovered these goods were not being paid for. The other day I ventured to



Blackmailing hands that bring terror and desperation to the minds of their victims

-Say "No"

speak to the manager about it, and in a gruff way he replied: 'Well, what have you to complain about? You did the same thing.'

"Whatever am I to do? It seems as though there are three courses open to me. I might remain silent, but if I do this I shall be disloyal to the firm. If I report the matter to our director, the manager will no doubt be dismissed and in his disgrace will implicate me. And if I leave without saying anything there will be little chance of my obtaining another job as things are dreadfully bad in this town.

"In my dilemma I am writing to ask

HUMAN DOCUMENTS Probed by PHILIP INMAN

who is JOHN BULL's "Humanist" and always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 ls. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

for your advice, and shall be very grateful indeed for your help."

My correspondent has told me of three courses that are open to him, and the consequences that will follow by adopting any of them.

In my opinion he has omitted a fourth, and the most important one.

LET us suppose that he carries on as at present and in obedience to his manager's request continues to take that parcel of groceries to his house week by week. That theft is sure to be found out sooner or later. The girl in the cash desk is now aware of it, and it may be that others share the secret.

When the discovery is made my correspondent will be equally guilty as an aider and abettor of the crime. And whilst magistrates are prone to take a lenient view about a sudden lapse, they would adopt a different attitude towards an habitual practice.

In that event my correspondent would lose not only his job, but what is of far greater importance, his character. And if he lost that he would find it not only difficult, but almost impossible, to get another job.

It seems to me that there is only one thing for him to do. He says that he is employed by a firm of multiple stores. Is it not possible for him to get trans-

ferred to another branch and thus avoid the tangle in which he is enmeshed?

If, for any reason, that is not a practical solution, he must tell his manager quite definitely that in this one respect he cannot obey his instructions. If he persists, the young man's only course would be to "quit" that employment. Far better for him to be idle for a time than to have the brand of imprisonment upon him.

In my third case the tables are turned, for this time it is an employee who is attempting to blackmail his employer.

My correspondent acquired a large chemist's shop in the Midlands some two years ago, and his principal assistant is a man who has been employed in the same business for many years. He adds:

"For some time I have had my suspicions about this man as I know that he has been spending far more money than he has earned. A few weeks ago I set a trap for him, and after denying the accusations, he finally confessed, and later admitted that it has been going on for a long time.

"As he occupied a position of trust, I felt I could never rely upon him again, and thereupon gave him a month's notice. He has tried every means in his power—fair as well as foul—to induce me to change my mind. He has even solicited many of my customers including a doctor who told me that unless I reinstated this man he would have his prescriptions dispensed elsewhere.

"In view of these facts, do you advise me to hold my ground, or should I be wise in taking this man back again into my employ?"

I have no hesitation whatever in giving my opinion on this man's problem. That chemist's assistant has deliberately and persistently defrauded his employer. His dismissal was perfectly justifiable.

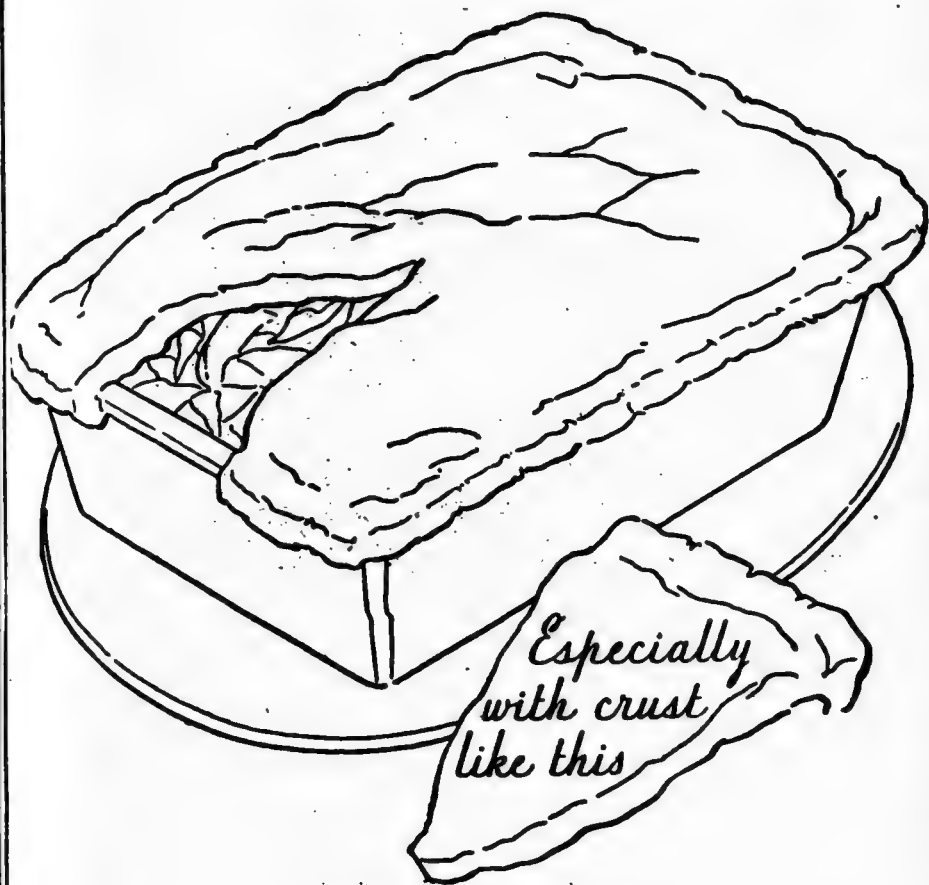
Now threats are being made to have him reinstated. But what will my correspondent's life be worth if he submits to the dictation of outsiders? His business will not be his own! If anything goes wrong again this man will simply adopt the same practices.

OH, no! My correspondent has made his decision, and he must stick to it. It is better to take the risk of losing a certain amount of business than to tolerate a thief and a liar in his camp.

And just a general word to all who are in the grip of blackmailers. There is only one answer to them—Shake them off at all costs. If you have not the strength of mind to do it yourself, then call in the aid of the police. A man who will deliberately seek to make profit out of the shortcomings of others deserves no mercy.

APPLE PIE

is everybody's favourite



Cunning cooks can always find a way to make even favourite dishes bigger favourites still. And once you begin to cook with Stork you get more and more enthusiastic about cooking every day. You try out new kinds of pastry—biscuit crust for Apple Pie, for instance. Here is a good tip. Put a little bit of Stork, about half an ounce, in with the apples and sugar, and use a thin strip of lemon peel for flavouring instead of cloves. Then with the feather-light pastry that Stork makes, and the rich buttery flavour inside the tart, your family will rise up and call you the "queen of cooks."

And all the time you are pleasing their palates you are giving them *good food* as well. Extra nourishment, easily digested.

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STORK
MARGARINE 8d per pound



"There you are, duck, two girls and two boys."

Think of that, now . . . and a 'andsome husband! . . . Well, that's a lot of 'appiness—and a lot of work. But life's what you make it, I say. Washing for four'll be easy as pie if you set about it proper . . . There's nothing worse, to my mind, than an iron that's always sticking and a gloss that's a mockery. Start right with Robin and well begun's half done. It puts a finish on white things fit to dazzle you . . . Well, I wish you all the joy, my dear. I can see you turning them youngsters out to 'old up their 'eads with the best."

ROBIN STARCH has the gloss in it—needs only water. Robin gives a professional finish with hot or cold water starching. Robin makes the iron glide.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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in the family size tin

A tempting and nourishing meal; easy and economical to prepare. It only needs slicing. Not a scrap of waste.



Libby's
COOKED CORNED BEEF

I.C.B. 25-109

STOMACH SUFFERERS NOW EAT HEARTILY.

If you have to be careful what you eat, if you have to refuse all your favourite foods while you watch others enjoying pickles and cucumbers and all the things you like best, here is good news for you.

Men and women who have suffered the pangs of indigestion for years, some who could not eat any solid food, now eat anything, thanks to Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is a formula used by hospitals and doctors to cure the worst forms of stomach trouble, and it ends pain and distress, brings peace and comfort after eating, and relieves even the most obstinate cases.

Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. But be sure of getting the perfect product, ask for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" before you buy. It is never sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons, in Powder or Tablet form. Price 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, from all chemists.



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"NOW how glad I am I used 'Nostrolin'! It gave me instant relief and cleared the stuffiness entirely away. My hearing is all right now and headaches have all gone. 'Nostrolin' is marvellous."

CURE YOUR CATARRH for 1/3 (all Chemists)

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FOR the past twelve months the Secret Service of H.M. Customs and Excise has been mobilising all its resources in a stern effort to stamp out the growing industry in illicit distilling.

During this period there have been nearly thirty prosecutions against the operators of these secret "hooch" stills. Some have gone to prison and well over £1,000 has been paid in fines. There will be plenty more.

The authorities themselves admit that they are a long way yet from cleaning up the traffic altogether. They have their own means of knowing that there are hundreds of gallons brewed weekly in various parts of the country and that most of it is finding a ready market.

Heavy taxation of the decent potable spirits turned out by the honest duty-paying distillers is the fact which has enabled this new bootlegging ramp to get its start, and is helping it to flourish.

Customs officials already have evidence that "hooch" distilling is now growing from being a series of isolated, more or less amateur ventures, into a properly organised business, with its own clearing centres and avenues of distribution.

Only a few weeks ago, Customs officers and police raided a house at Leeds, and four men subsequently appeared in the dock. These men were all members of a bogus company which had been formed to act as a clearing station for illicit spirits. Heavy fines were imposed and the business broken up.

But these bootlegging gangs can afford to laugh at fines because the profits in their business are so huge. Its attraction can be gathered from the fact that every £1 expended in materials, fuel and labour yields a profit of between £25 and £30, or over 2,000 per cent.

THOSE profits are enough to make even Al Capone's mouth water.

Like the "big shots" on the other side of the Atlantic also, the illicit booze racket here is run mostly by recently naturalised aliens. More than 70 per cent. of the men who have been convicted during the past few months are of Polish, Lithuanian or Russian origin.

Very little of this bootleg "hooch" is sold directly as whisky, spirits or gin. In the crude, immature, poisonous state in which it is turned out it would be too destructive to be drunk like that.

It is usually "cut" into cheap foreign wines imported in bulk and paying little duty because of low alcohol content.

Blended with "hooch," the resulting product has a kick like a horse and is sold largely as "red biddy," "Spanish wine," and "Portuguese toddy." Occasionally fruit flavourings are added, and the concoction sells at 8s. a bottle labelled with the names of old English



This primitive distilling apparatus was discovered after a raid by police on an illicit still in South Derry

Our Backyard BOOTLEGGERS

fruit wines like strawberry, elderberry and raspberry. Another method is to blend the "hooch" with eggs, sugar and cream, and sell the product as well-known Continental liqueurs.

This was revealed at a prosecution at Sheffield recently. Customs enquiry agents there had been keeping observation for a long time on a wine and spirit dealer named Hyman Grossman. In a shed in the yard at his house they found some apparatus which had been used as a still. It consisted merely of a gas-ring, a small whistling kettle and a length of flexible tubing.

They also found some bottles near by, bearing the label of a well-known liqueur, and the words "Produce of Holland." The police, however, discovered that these labels had been printed in Sheffield!

GROSSMAN was fined £350 and costs, and did not even trouble to appear in court. It was stated during the hearing that with his secret still and materials he was able to make £1 profit on every shilling outlay.

A serious aspect of the growth of this bootleg racket is that the "hooch" is nearly always made on private premises, generally under foul, unhealthy conditions. Attics and bedrooms, backyard outhouses are all pressed into service.

The materials used are also of the

cheapest. The "mash" is made not from malted barley but from dirty sugar, factory "throw-outs," and from poor and often unclean yeast. Wherever the authorities have seized a secret still they have found dirty mash-tubs, fouled and rusty apparatus, and dirty surroundings.

In one case in London the bootlegger had his still in the bathroom of his flat, and the bath was used as another kind of "mash" tub.

His neighbours below him were always aware when a "making" was proceeding, because of the day-long activity in the bathroom and the continual running down the waste-pipes of water from the cooling apparatus round the still. Eventually that led to his undoing, and, following a Customs visit, this bathroom bootlegger made his appearance before the magistrates.

In another case in London, a few months ago, police and Customs officials raided a Bloomsbury lodging-house and found an elaborate apparatus in the kitchen and an outhouse, including two complete stills and two twelve-gallon tubs. The explanation of one of the two men concerned was that he was making "oatmeal wine." He was fined £255.

To a large extent the Customs Secret Service agents rely on informants to put them on the track of an illicit still. Sooner or later one of the bootlegger's customers either "squeals" or becomes indiscreet.

The Customs also have numerous agents about the country, who make it their business to pay frequent calls on certain "free houses" of doubtful reputation. Some of these houses act as wholesale customers for the bootleggers.

THE Customs agents, who, of course, always pass as ordinary customers, make a point of sampling any non-proprietary spirits and wines which are sold. When their suspicions are confirmed they at once proceed to trace the supply to its source. And although, as on one recent occasion, the trail led all the way from a tavern in London's dock-land to a back street in an obscure Lancashire town, they rarely fail.

They are hampered, however, in their efforts to stamp out this steadily growing trade by the ridiculous sentences meted out. Fines, they will tell you, and prove to you, are not much good, in view of the enormous profits made.

A taste of jail, for a good long time, is the only way to repress our budding Al Capones and to wipe out a discreditable and harmful racket.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Stop Here for Winners

A CORRESPONDENT has written asking me if I send out late information, and, if so, on what terms.

The "two-a-day" forecast in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* with the key in JOHN BULL is our only service. I do not send out wires or weekly letters, nor do I guarantee to place the 1-2-3 in the competition races in the daily papers.

Form for the *Daily Herald* £100 a day is given in the *Sporting Life*, and usually it embraces other contests.

The Victoria Cup at Hurst Park and the "Jubilee" at Kempton are two tempting races to be decided shortly. I like Solenoid's chance for the Cup.

Frank Butters must have smiled when he saw the weights for the "Jubilee" with three of his celebrities at the top of affairs. I cannot recall a big race where a trainer has been similarly complimented by the handicapper.

I may be going for Galapas. Captain Boyd-Rochford has a fine record over the Kempton track, and has won this race in recent years with Amethystine and Racedale.

Apperley should be noted at Hurst Park this week-end, and I couple Town Crier with Solenoid for the "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 27, to Wednesday, May 3.

M P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94
D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

£50 FIRST

for 'DIPLOMA' LIMERICKS

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £25
3rd PRIZE £15
4th PRIZE £10
10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH
200 PRIZES OF £2 EACH
200 PRIZES OF £1 EACH
200 PRIZES OF 50c EACH



"Please, mum," said the sprightly young maid,
"The sweep's been and wants to be paid."
Her mistress said "Grace,
By the look of your face"

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a first prize to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Some Rhymes to help you:

aid, blade, prayed,
fade, glade, jade,
laid, made, shade,
spade, trade, afraid,
brigade, crusade,
degrade, dissuade,
evade, parade,
persuade, upbraid,
cavalcade, esplanade,
lemonade, marmalade, serenade,
unafraid.

Competition (Dept. 7)
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, May 5, 1933.
Result: A complete list of winners will be posted to every competitor.

DIPLOMA

The English CRUSTLESS CHEESE

now 6 BOXES also

WET RASH ON SON'S LEGS

Inflamed and Spread to Arms and Face. Healed by Cuticura.

"Four months ago my son broke out with a wet rash on his legs. It was inflamed and soon spread to his arms and face. The irritation caused him restless nights. I tried almost everything without success. Then we read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. The first application gave relief. We purchased more and after using three boxes of Cuticura Soap, he was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. C. S. Bramwell, 44, Marlow's Yard, High St., Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts., Eng.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all toilet uses. Soap to cleanse, Ointment to soothe, Talcum to powder.

Box 12, Ointment 12 1/2 and 24, Talcum 12 1/2. For sample each address: F. Rowbury & Sons, Ltd., 21, Cannon St., London, E.C. 4.

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No matter how old or hard—

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Pain Stops in Ten Seconds

In ten seconds all pain will be gone! In two days the entire corn can be lifted out whole! So quick and sure is the action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads (with the Medicated Disks included in every packet for obstinate corns). These thin, safe pads end the cause of corns—shoe pressure. Special sizes for Corns, Callouses, Corns-between-Toes, and Bunions. From all Dr. Scholl Depots, Chemists, Shoe Stores—per packet 1/3d.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

TO COOK YOUR BEST-YOU MUST USE TREX

Cakes

RISE BETTER



when you MAKE THEM WITH TREX



Dainty, simple, home-made cakes. Where is the family that doesn't like them—especially when they're made with TREX. When they have the extra light fluffiness that only TREX can give. When every cake is a little picture of golden-brown deliciousness. If you make home-made cakes, be sure to get a tub of TREX before next baking-day. You may be a splendid cook—you may make topping little cakes—but you don't know how good you can make them till you use TREX. For TREX, you see, is specially made to be a perfect fat for cakes—just as it is a perfect frying fat—a perfect shortening.

PROVE IT WITH THIS RECIPE

Take 3 ozs. TREX, 4 ozs. sugar, 6 ozs. flour, 1 egg and a little milk, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 oz. currants, a little candied peel and salt. Cream the sugar and TREX together, add the egg, then the milk and flour alternately (the baking powder and salt must be mixed with the flour) and lastly the currants and candied peel.

TREX IS DEFINITELY MORE DIGESTIBLE than the usual cooking fats. That is why many people who have to avoid cakes and dishes containing fat find they can eat them safely when TREX is used.

WOULD YOU LIKE A TREX COOKERY BOOK containing 100 really useful everyday recipes? Send 2d. in stamps to J. Bibby & Sons, Ltd., Dept. W.12, King Edward Street, Liverpool.



TREX

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DRINK HOT WATER EVERY DAY

Two well-known specialists recently emphasised the vital importance of water for assisting the body to resist disease and stated that every man and woman should drink a glass of hot water each morning on rising. Those subject to sick headache, furred tongue, bad complexion or general depression and lassitude—all of which indicate a disordered condition of the stomach—should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate. This will tone up the liver and kidneys and cleanse the system of poisonous waste matter, sour fermentations, uric acid, etc., which induce general ill-health and quickly lead to indigestion, chronic constipation, rheumatism and other serious troubles. A supply of 'Limestone' Phosphate, costing but two shillings, can be obtained from your chemist, and a little taken every morning in a glass of hot water will prove a sure way of flushing out harmful acids and impurities and of maintaining vigorous health.

Common Forms of INDIGESTION

Whatever form your Indigestion may take, Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenge Brand of Digestive Tablets, made by Savory and Moore, will relieve it. Here are a few instances:—

INDIGESTION.—"The Lozenges are the very best remedy I have been able to get. I have tried everything I have seen advertised, but nothing has done me any good. I dreaded to eat anything, but now one lozenge has the desired effect. I cannot praise them highly enough."

FLATULENCE.—"I am delighted to state that they are truly magical in their effect. All symptoms of flatulence, flushed cheeks, etc., after meals are now at once dispersed. Also the oppressive feeling of fullness."

LONG-STANDING DYSPEPSIA WITH DISTRESSING HEARTBURN.—"The Lozenges certainly give great relief. I personally will prescribe them." (Medical man.)

HUNGER PAIN.—"The Lozenges are the only things I know of that take away that intense 'Hunger Pain' which is such acute suffering." (Medical man.)

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-; of all chemists. To Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, W.1. Please send me a **FREE SAMPLE** OF DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGE BRAND OF DIGESTIVE TABLETS.

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I IMAGINE that some people when they read that I am eighty years of age may wonder at my temerity in discussing what hour of those eighty years I should like most to live again.

But years do not govern the activity of the mind; indeed, I often think that as one grows older, one's brain has more time to think when other bodily faculties have slowed down.

As a youngster one is so busy rushing here, there and everywhere, trying to keep pace with the demands on one's time, that one's brain, too, is apt to work at the same hectic pace, and thinking as an art is neglected.

It is more than forty-five years since I first became associated with the West London Mission, which was founded by my husband in 1887. Now, my "greatest hour" is intimately connected with that mission.

I cannot expect, perhaps, that you will share my enthusiasm for it, nor can I make any claim that it was brimfull of pulsating thrills or dangers. But if you bear with me, I shall try to explain just what it meant and why it meant so much, not only to my husband and myself, but to thousands of others.

To do that I must paint you a word picture of this England of ours nearly fifty years ago.

Just think of this: there was no unemployment pay (such an idea would have been considered revolutionary), there were no old-age pensions, no such thing as health insurance or sick benefits. There was "the parish"—and a degrading sort of business it was. Child labour was rampant—and every winter, as regularly as clockwork, there was unemployment... with no hope of any sort of alleviation of its resultant misery for a man and his family.

My husband had been greatly moved by a pamphlet entitled "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," which told in moving terms of the shocking lot of the poorer people. Indeed, that pamphlet caused something of a sensation.

As a direct result, a flourishing mission was started in the East End, and my husband came to the conclusion that West London, too, could do with such a Mission of Hope.

So he arranged to take the old St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, which had a seating capacity of 2,405, and there to begin the mission on a Sunday evening. He gathered together a willing band of helpers, and we all put our backs into the work of organising.

My husband hit on the idea of utilising a string orchestra to give a programme of music both before and during the services, and also to accompany the hymns.

Nowadays, when our religious services have advanced almost beyond recognition from the point of view of musical settings, this idea of an orchestra may not strike you as being at all revolutionary.

BUT nearly fifty years ago people were far more bigoted and far more straitlaced than they are to-day. When it became known that this innovation was to take place, my husband was literally bombarded with anonymous letters, all containing abuse. My husband, however, had a broad back. He simply smiled at the abuse—and went on his way. There was one thing about which he was very determined, and that was that his orchestra should be a good one.

So rehearsal after rehearsal went on under Mr. Heath Mills, a famous musician and a great personal friend of ours. He, of course, did it for love



Mrs. H. Price Hughes

A Greatest Hour of the 'Eighties

described in an interview with "John Bull" by

Mrs. H. PRICE HUGHES,

the 80-year-old widow of the famous Nonconformist preacher

of my husband and the mission, and he saw to it that his band of equally enthusiastic volunteers was as good as a professional combination.

I did not let my husband know—but I was terribly afraid that we should not be successful in our opening effort. I do not know why I was seized by such a wave of pessimism, but as the day drew nearer, my heart sank lower and lower.

I TRIED hard to put a good face on it, and to let my husband believe that I shared his own unflinching belief that success was to be ours. And when the actual Sunday arrived I was so nervous that I literally could not keep still.

We had arranged to start in the evening for the first Sunday... and presently we set off for St. James's Hall.

My husband was chatting brightly on various topics: I fear that he had never before found me so monosyllabic in my replies. All that I could think as we walked along was, "Oh, I do hope people will turn up: it will break his heart if they do not."

As we neared the hall my nervousness increased. I knew that when we turned the corner we should see whether there were any people outside, which would be an indication of our opening success, because we had arranged that the doors should be opened half an hour before the commencement.

A moment more... and we had turned the corner. And as I looked—I knew that tears of disappointment welled up into my eyes—there was not a soul to be seen!

"A failure, a failure!" The words hummed and buzzed in my brain like so many angry bees. I knew what it would mean to my husband, and I knew, too, just what work he had put into the project.

"They might have come... just for

When We Shocked LONDON

the opening night," I heard myself whispering. "... Oh, why didn't they come!"

All this time—it seemed like an age to me—I had not dared to look at my husband. Then I stole a glance at his face—it was unchanged; still serene in its expression, still confident his air. I was puzzled. Then my heart swelled with pride in my man. If he could take defeat like that, so could I, and so would I!

I was just on the point of blurt-ing out my confession of cowardice when he said, "We shall have to hurry, my dear. Time's getting on."

Could I have heard aright? There was no one to be seen near the hall—what was the use of hurrying now? It would only mean that we should have to sit and face those empty benches for more moments than we need... hide our distress at the failure of our experiment.

We entered by a side door, which did not give actual access to the hall itself, but was used in the ordinary way by concert artistes, or anyone taking part in a secular performance during the week.

And as we walked along the echoing passage I heard in the distance the tuning of the orchestra. "Thank goodness, Mr. Mills is keeping up heart, too," I thought to myself. "Perhaps if people passing hear the music they may be attracted to come in."

We took off our outdoor things, my husband said a short prayer, and then together we walked through the door that led to the stage on which we were to conduct the service.

And as my head appeared level with it I almost cried aloud... there was not a vacant seat to be seen anywhere—but a great crowd of faces that looked expectantly and hopefully towards us!

The revulsion of feeling was so great that for a moment I could scarcely get my breath, and I remember my husband whispering, "Are you all right, my dear? You are not going to faint?"

I reassured him with a little negative nod and a smile... and then sat down to collect my scattered thoughts, and to take myself severely to task for my lack of faith, for that opening meeting was a huge success—and our orchestra, which played selections from Bach and Beethoven, as well as supporting the choir, was an enormous attraction.

From that moment the mission never looked back, and I am very proud indeed to be able to say that we were the originators of many things that were later adopted by the Government.

WE started, for example, an old-age pension scheme for our old people; we ran the first medical clinic where mothers could have free advice and attention, and we were the first independent organisation to start a hospital of our own for incurables—and that hospital, St. Luke's, is going stronger than ever.

By the way, another innovation that annoyed my husband's critics was his "conference" at every Sunday afternoon service on the political and social questions of the day, at which members of the congregation were encouraged to take an active part.

"Politics mixed with religion," cried our critics. "Then no wonder this country is doomed!"... They're still saying that to-day, aren't they?

Well, that is my "hour"—the one hour in a full and active life I would willingly re-live... for it taught me the value of never judging by outside appearances!



"You can't all be away together"

"SOMEONE MUST TAKE THEIR HOLIDAYS EARLY, but there's no hardship in that."

"Just think of the Glories of Somerset, Devon or the Cornish Riviera in Spring and early Summer! You must have seen pictures in the newspapers during past months of bathing at these places, even in mid-Winter."

"What must they be like in May and June, easily the best months for holidays in the lovely West Country?"

"You'll get longer days, maximum sunshine, cheaper accommodation; trains won't be crowded, and you can enjoy your tennis or other sport amidst the finest scenery in England."

"This year sees the introduction of the most generous Cheap Ticket arrangements ever afforded by the Great Western Railway. From May 1st 'Summer Tickets' at a single fare and a third for the double journey will be issued by any train any day between principal towns, cities, seaside and inland resorts, and you may return upon any day within a calendar month. I should advise you to lose no time in writing or telephoning the nearest G.W.R. Station or Ticket Office for information."

"At the same time get the G.W.R. 'Holiday Haunts' Guide, which will give you 8,000 'Where to Stay' Addresses and full particulars of more than 700 Holiday Resorts. It is on sale everywhere at 6d."

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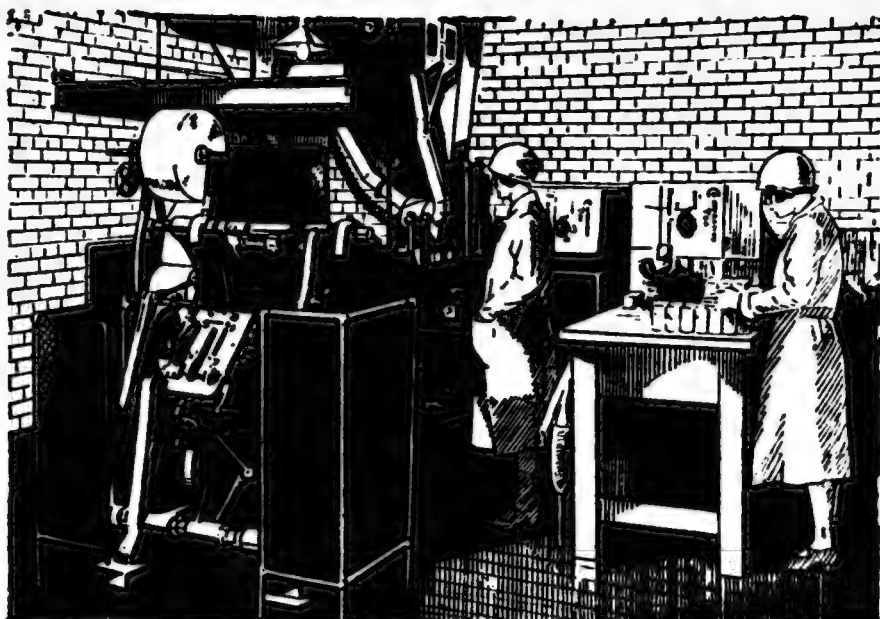
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RICH DECEIVERS

of the Wills



How NEW WHITE SKIN Changes Luck—in 3 days

When my skin was dark, coarse and ugly; with enlarged pores and blackheads, I had no admirers and was never invited out. But the use of a simple recipe gave me a new white skin and completely changed my luck in only 3 days. From having no suitors, I now have three offers of marriage. Any woman can easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin by the daily use of the new Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). This now contains pre-digested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away, whitens and softens darkest roughest skin. Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 422 P), Chase Road, London, N. 10.



Handicapped

BY ONE OF LIFE'S MOST DREADED COMPLAINTS —yet needlessly!

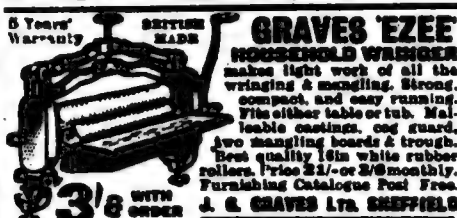
How can you hope to do the best by yourself in business or sport, in life's many activities, if you are burdened down and handicapped by Piles? There is no human evil so insupportable and wrecking of happiness, yet the remedy is so easily obtained. Overwhelming proof has been given that Piles are caused by internal disorders. Correct these and the complaint vanishes, even in stubborn cases. The one dependable corrective is Pylina Powders. They work upon the internal disorders which are the chief cause of Piles. They relieve the irritation and the pain. They bring permanent relief and lift that dread shadow of an operation out of your life for ever. Pylina Powders have won the commendation of the medical profession and the enthusiastic praise of thousands of one-time sufferers.

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Pylina Brand Powders, 5/- and 2/6 per box in U.K. Pylina Tablets and Ointment 5/- each. Of all chemists or direct (postage 3d. extra) from Dept. 12, G. S. HUMFORD AND SONS, 1st, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.



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makes light work of all the wringing & mangle. Strong, compact, and easy running. Fits either table or tub. Mangle clothes, one guard, two mangle boards & trough. Best quality 1 1/2 in. white rubber rollers. Price 21/- or 2/6 monthly. Furnishing Catalogue Post Free.
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A FREE BOOKLET.

Every reader should write for a copy of an interesting free booklet which explains how PHILLIPS' YEAST alleviates Headaches, indigestion and Nervous Depression; strengthens the system, braces up the nerves, and increases the energy and vitality of the body. Simply send a p.c. to Phillips' Yeast Products, L. d. (Dept. 32), Park Royal Road, London N.W.10.

THE legacy of £60,000 left the other day by a missionary to the wife of an out-of-work window-cleaner is the latest instance of the extraordinary precautions taken by many wealthy people to give the world the impression during their lives that they are anything but well-off.

Mr. Hemingway, the missionary, for example, who had taken a fancy to the small son of a Cardiff window-cleaner, Mr. Arthur Williams, had never given the family the slightest impression that he had any money at all.

Certainly, on many occasions, he had come to their rescue when things had looked black, with small gifts—but they were the kind of gifts that a poor man might, in the goodness of his heart, squeeze out of a meagre income.

He lived in the commonest lodgings, and he invariably had his meals at insignificant restaurants, where he could get a lunch for a shilling, or a cup of tea for a penny.

Yet, in addition to the £60,000 left to Mrs. Williams, he was sufficiently wealthy to leave also £750 a year divided between her two sons until they reach their majority!

What was the story behind his pose as a poor man? Even his closest friends have not an inkling of it. It has gone with him to the grave.

Or, take the curious case of Mr. W. Drinan, who left nearly all his fortune of something like £80,000 to the Metropolitan police-court boxes.

It is known that Mr. Drinan, who was more than eighty years of age when he died in the South of France, was at one time very friendly with a Bow Street magistrate, and by that friendship he was able to study the working of the Police poor-box system very thoroughly.

Meagre existence

There is little doubt that this study made a powerful impression on his mind; indeed, so much so, that there appears little doubt that his pose as a poor man was a deliberate effort to save his wealth for the real poor for whom he had a practical sympathy.

In spite of his wealth—and even now, more than two years after his death, it is not absolutely certain how vast it is—he lived in the poorest way imaginable.

He had only one suit of clothes, and often enough would be seen during the warmer weather wandering about wearing just a shirt and trousers and a battered hat.

He lodged in a small *en pension* hotel, where he could get all meals and his room for about six shillings a day, and he was never known to spend a penny on a meal outside.

Before he became a semi-invalid on account of his advanced years, his one recreation was tennis, and it was his invariable custom to play with an old and warped racket, with several broken strings, which he would patch up with bits of string that he carried in his pocket.

And yet in 1926 he privately made a bid for the exclusive Cannes Lawn Tennis Club!

What is one to make of the queer mode of life adopted by yet another eccentric but wealthy recluse, Miss Emily Hughes, who died at the age of sixty-five, and who for twenty-five years had lived at Cookham Dean, Maidenhead?

She lived in a small cottage, which she had surrounded with a thick hedge to escape observation, while all the windows were shuttered with straw and sacking. No one was allowed to enter the dilapidated grounds, and if children ventured near, she would chase them away with a riding-whip.

Whenever Miss Hughes went outside, she wore a man's clothes—very often riding-boots and breeches, and sometimes she was to be seen with a piece of sacking with a hole through it as a "hat."

Yet when her will was proved, it was found that she had left more than £20,000—and that every penny of this money had been left to a London actress, who, however, had died two years before... and the lonely old



A search in the Wills Department at Somerset House reveals many strange stories of human eccentricity

recluse, having no contact with the outside world, had never known it.

The sisters of Mr. Maurice Marcus, of Redhill, had always felt vaguely sorry for their brother because he had seemed worried by financial problems, which led him to live very quietly in the small Surrey town.

You can judge of their amazement when, after his death, they discovered that he was worth no less than £3,145,751, and that he had willed to each of them a very substantial sum from his huge fortune.

Another sister was given a similar kind of surprise by her brother, who had been employed for many years by a London stores at a small salary. His real name was William Frederick Emery. He had always lived with his sister, and together they had eked out a frugal existence, and she had carefully managed their tiny joint income, making a shilling go twice as far as more fortunate people have to do.

And then when he died, to her amazement she discovered that he had left more than £11,000 in securities and Post Office Saving Bank deposits, and even more curious was the fact that these deposits were in ten different names, and that each name had a different address!

How had he managed to save such an amount? And, even more curious, why had he taken the trouble to make so many varied deposits? His sister had not the faintest idea that he was a comparatively wealthy man, nor could she even hazard a guess why he had chosen to hide the fact behind fictitious names.

Another eccentric was Mr. James Stuart Henderson, who died recently and left over £400,000. He had, as a young man, been left a fortune by his father, an Australian banker. But from an early age, young Henderson had apparently determined that he would not parade his wealth. He had a marvellous mansion at Hastings, yet he spent most of his life in two rooms, seemingly to give the impression that he could not afford to run it.

Kind to donkeys

He would not wear a collar, and he always affected shabby clothes, with the collar of his overcoat turned up, winter and summer alike. And he would never permit anything but oil lamps in his home.

He watched household expenses with meticulous care... and yet in his will he left £150,000 and his Hastings mansion to the woman secretary-companion who had been with him for many years. It has since been revealed that one of his delights was to buy ill-nourished donkeys at Covent Garden Market and send them down to a farm he owned, where they spent the remainder of their days in comfort and idleness.

Still more extraordinary were the

eccentricities of a "hermit" woman, Mrs. Caroline Seymour, of Carter Street, Walworth, who died on the eve of her ninetieth birthday, and for more than thirty years had lived in that unpretentious London street. She had only one friend, a Mrs. Emily Cooper, who lived next door to her. Mrs. Seymour left her friend £4 a week for life and her house and furniture, but Mrs. Cooper did not live to enjoy the gift, for she died a week or so before her benefactress.

Mrs. Seymour lived as though she had scarcely a penny. After her husband died she began to wear his old clothes, cutting down his hats to fit her, and embellishing them with old bits of ribbons and scraps of feathers which she begged.

There is a street market near Carter Street, and the traders there knew the quaintly clad, stooping figure of the old "hermit," for she used to come every day and scramble under their stalls for fallen vegetables and fruit.

None of her neighbours ever remember her buying food, and often they would give her food from their own slender stocks, feeling pity at her miserable appearance, her air of poverty, and the pinched expression on her face.

Why do they do it?

Day after day, even when she was bordering on ninety years of age, she would trudge out in all sorts of weather to collect her scraps... yet when her will came to be read, to the utter astonishment of her neighbours, the woman they had looked upon as almost down-and-out, had left more than £80,000... and had willed half of it to be divided among twenty charities.

What made her live so miserable an existence? It is obvious that she was well aware of the extent of her wealth—yet she had preferred the direst poverty to the utilisation of any of her fortune.

Another octogenarian, James Foster Green, of Gateshead, was built on the same curious mental plan. For twenty-four years he had lived alone: he kept house himself, did his own cooking, lived so frugally that his neighbours used to make surreptitious gifts to his larder, and would not even have laid on in the house, but warmed himself in the bitterest weather by bits of boxes begged from local stores.

And, after his death, the police found in his house £10,000 worth of securities... but nothing to eat!

The list of such mystery people of the wills could be multiplied again and again. The miser spirit... fear... greed... mere loss of mental balance?

What is the explanation? Like many another mystery, the solution of this problem is known only to the people themselves. We who are left can only marvel at "the deceitfulness of riches!"

JOHN BULL

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

£25,000 "On-to-Prosperity" HOSPITALS CONTEST RESULT

"JOHN BULL" is pleased to announce the result of the great "On-to-Prosperity" Contest to help the Hospitals, which was launched by the "Daily Herald" in conjunction with the British Charities Association.

As the direct result of the magnificent support and co-operation of our readers, a cheque for well over £10,000 will be handed to the Hospitals, bringing the total money for distribution raised by the "Daily Herald" in a little over two years to an amount considerably in excess of £50,000.

In this contest the first prize was £30,000, with £5,000 added if the winner was a registered reader of the "Daily Herald"; the second prize £250, and the third £100. The rules provided that in the event of a tie or ties the prizes so affected will be combined and divided. In addition, there was £1,000 to be shared among winners whose entries were received by not later than March 7.

Competitors were asked to exercise their skill and judgment in selecting the 12 best out of 28 "Prosperity" slogans.

THE RESULT.

No one entrant correctly selected the 12 best slogans as decided by the Committee of experts to whom they were submitted, but the 55 entrants whose names and addresses are given below correctly selected 11 out of 12, and, in accordance with the rules, the prize money is divided amongst them.

Of the 55 winners, 19 were registered readers of the "Daily Herald" and 36 were not registered.

The 19 registered readers each receive £460 18s. 3d., being one fifty-fifth of £25,350, i.e., the total of the First, Second and Third Prizes and the £5,000 Extra offered for registered readers.

The 36 non-registered readers each receive £370, being one fifty-fifth of £25,350.

Registered Readers of the "Daily Herald," each of whom receives £460 18s. 3d.

*BANKS, Mrs. E., 35, Mozart Street, London, W.10; BEACH, Mr. A., 37, Stanhope Street, N.W.1; *COLE, Sydney A., 52, Basilston Road, S.E.18; *COLLIER, W. H., Junior, Arkesden, Western Road, Billericay, Essex; COVERDALE, W. S., 107, Raby Road, W. Hartlepool, Co. Durham; *DAY, P., "Calli," Hawthorn Road, Bognor Regis; *DENNY, W. E., 26, Southbury Road, Linslade, Bucks; LAUDER, F., 15, Cresswell Street, Hillhead, Glasgow; *MUNSEY, F., 44, Mayflower Road, Leicester; NEWMAN, Daniel, 6, Church Plain, Wells-next-Sea, Norfolk; PARKES, Joseph William, 7, Smawthorne Grove, Castleford, Yorks; *PINDER, Charles, Low Street, N. Ferriby, E. Yorkshire; *SANSOM, E., 19, Halsdon Road, Exmouth; *SNOOK, Mrs., 109, Caversham Road, Reading, Berks; TEBB, H., 54, Balmoral Terrace, York; TUCK, W. C., Field House, Gaywood, King's Lynn; UNDERWOOD, D., 24, Bloemfontein Road, W.12; *WATSON, M., 58, Hambledon Street, Blyth, Northumberland; WOOD, John L., 194, Newcombe Road, Handsworth, Birmingham 21.

Non-Registered Readers, each of whom receives £370.

*BARNES, Mrs. Evelyn L., 178, Waterloo Road, Wolverhampton; BEAN, J. M., Crofts, W. Linton, N.B.; BERRY, Mrs. A., Beechbank, Hazelhurst Road, Worsley, Nr. Manchester; BILLINGTON, Mr. J. E., 93, Ruskin Road, Crewe, Cheshire; BRITAIN, Mrs. W. H., Jun., 1, Wye Street, Off Spring Gardens, Buxton, Derbyshire; *BURTON, T. H., 21, Lonsdale Road, Sheffield, 6; CAVE, R., Barn Faza, Laindon, Essex; CORBETT, R., 34, Riggindale Road, S.W.16; COUGHMAN, H. N., 6, Church Lane, Merton Park, S.W.19; DAVIS, Miss E. L., Amblecote, Stourbridge, Worcestershire; DUJON, Mr. G., 200, Clarence Road, Peterborough; EATON, R., "Dunedin," Stretford Road, Urmston, Nr. Manchester; *FRANKS, Mr. P., Chapel Street, Market Rasen, Lincs; *FAHEY, C., Hampden Club, Hampden Street, N.W.1; GIBBONS, Miss A., 10, Gannon Road, Dunstable, Beds; GOLDING, Jean, 21, Highbury Grove, N.3; GOODE, Walter, 5, Hazel Grove, Longsight, Manchester, 13; *HAIGH, Mrs. J., 38, Victoria Drive, Eastbourne; *HOUSTON, W., Old Red House, Weston Green, Thames Ditton, Surrey; KEECH, Miss M., 12, Vale Road, Thrybergh, Nr. Rotherham; LACEY, Miss A., "Aradia," Apperley Bridge, Bradford; LEWIS, T., 72, Terrace Road, E.13; *MCGUIRE, John, 25, Jigburn Terrace, Dunfermline, Fife; MARSH, G. L., 40, East Street, Wimborne, Dorset; MOSS, Susie, 5, Beech Crest, Durham City; PILKINGTON, Lucy, 68, Harwood Street, Darwen, Lancs; PRITCHARD, H. W., Tregarth, Bangor, N. Wales; REDDIE, Mr. L., 27, Waltham Road, Bournemouth; *ROBINSON, C., 3, Park Crescent, Whin Grove, Bolton-le-Sands; TANDY, Mr. J., Grosvenor Hotel, Aldershot, Hants; THOMPSON, L., Church Lane, Bedlington, Northumberland; *TOMS, Miss Ethel, 2, Grovehurst Bungalows, Pembury, Kent; *VEEVERS, Norah Doran, 119, Brunswick Road, W.5; *WALKER, Alfred J., 58, Newbeggan, Malton, Yorks; *WINWRIGHT, F., 94, Tankerton Road, Tankerton, Kent; *WRIGHT, P. K., Craigdene, Tarleton, Preston, Lancs.

The 20 winners whose names are marked with an asterisk each receive an additional £50, this being their share of the extra £1,000 offered to Prize-Winners whose entries were received by not later than March 7.

Every winner is being individually notified, and cheques are being despatched immediately.

As a result of this great contest the hospitals will receive another substantial cheque which will help them in their noble work for humanity.

THE WINNING SLOGANS.

The twelve best slogans were selected at a meeting held on Monday, March 27, at the headquarters of The British Charities Association by a Committee of experts under the chairmanship of Lord Luke.

The following were the 12 Slogans selected:—
1. Buy more—and help more to buy more.
2. Knuckle in—don't knuckle under.
3. Never mind the business outlook—look out for business.

4. Spend for Prosperity—don't hoard for posterity.
5. Optimism pays you—pessimism makes you pay.
10. Help the Hospitals—national health means national wealth.

12. If more work for better times—there'll be more work for all.
14. More spending, more working—more working, more spending.

21. Don't wait for better times—work for them.
22. Create confidence by having it.
23. Trying times are times to try.
25. It'll be a good job for everyone if you find a job for someone.

N.B.—The numbers given on the left were the key numbers on the entry form.

The MAN who Lives on his BLOOD

MANY people live by their brains, their hands and their legs. Not a few even by their backs, their teeth, and their hair.

We all know what they are—jugglers, footballers, trapeze artists who lift tremendous weights with their teeth or hair, women who exhibit their tattooed backs in circuses, dancers who earn a living with their legs, and so on.

But, up till now, there has been no recorded instance in history of a person who has wholly maintained himself by selling his own blood.

The distinction of being the first "trader" of this kind belongs to Michael Totin, a young employee at one of the municipal hospitals at Budapest in Hungary. His entire "business" is carried on at the hospital.

Michael Totin holds the world championship of transfusionists—if one may be permitted the term—and no man or woman has ever given more blood to his or her fellow creatures than he.

World work

He is a small, thick-set man of thirty, with ruddy cheeks that are bursting with good health. And here is his own story, as he told it to a JOHN BULL representative:

My parents were very poor, and at the age of fourteen they apprenticed me to a locksmith. I worked as a locksmith for many years, but when the Great Depression came I was thrown out of work and for a long, long time I was unable to obtain a job. Eventually I secured one as an attendant at the municipal hospital, where I am still working.

One day I was helping to carry a dangerously sick patient to the operating theatre. He had lost a great deal of blood and an immediate transfusion was imperative.

I offered to supply the necessary blood, and, on being examined by the doctors, it was found that I belonged to what they called the "fourth universal class" and was therefore a fit subject. It made me happy to hear their verdict, for I felt that by giving up some of my blood I was doing real good in the world.

After my first experience of "blood letting" came others. The second was that of a man suffering from internal hæmorrhage, who could not have been saved without blood transfusion.

Having recovered from the loss of blood I had suffered during my "initiation," I gave this patient about a pint of my blood. The hypodermic needle was inserted into my pulse and the silver nozzle at the other end of the rubber pipe was inserted into one of the affected parts in the patient's body.

Life-saver

This patient was a very poor man, so I took pity on him and did not charge him for my pint of blood. The loss of it made me very weak, but not too weak to be able to help the other attendants to carry the patient back to his ward a floor higher up.

My weakness did not last long, and three days later I felt as fit as a fiddle.

Since then I have undergone no fewer than thirty-six transfusions, involving a total loss of blood of about eighteen quarts, and the doctors say that, medically speaking, it is impossible for a person like myself to exist. They would not believe I was real but for the evidence of their own senses.

They gave me a certificate concerning thirty-six cases in which I helped to save the life of a patient. It confirms that I gave some of my blood to two persons in 1928; six in 1929; eight in 1930; twelve in 1931; and eight in 1932. I have undergone several transfusions since then, but no certificate of these cases has yet been issued to me.

In the course of my career as a transfusionist and professional life-saver I have had many interesting experiences.

At first it seemed a strange job, and it took me some time to get used to the idea that I was a "professional" blood



A successful transfusion at a London hospital. The recipient is represented by the electrically heated bottle

merchant. But I saw so many desperate cases at the hospital that it was my heart rather than my head that made me choose my extraordinary career.

There have been all sorts of people among my patients—rich and poor, withered old men and women, as well as beautiful young girls.

Young musician

My most memorable experience concerns a boy who was one of the most talented students of the piano section of the Budapest Conservatory.

This little prodigy, like other boys of his age, used to board tramcars and other vehicles while they were in motion and one day a tram ran over his leg, completely severing it from his body. He lost a great deal of blood and his life could not have been saved without an immediate transfusion.

I immediately volunteered for the transfusion.

Standing beside the little pianist, who was given a local anæsthetic, I was "connected" with him. He knew what was happening and whispered to me: "You are a pianist, sir, aren't you?"

Not wishing to excite him by contradicting him, I agreed.

"I'm so happy," said the boy, "for if your blood gets into my body, I, too, will be able to play as well as you."

We were all deeply moved and there were tears in the eyes of the doctors and nurses present.

Of course, there is a financial side to my "profession," for, naturally, it would be impossible for me to give my blood free of charge to everyone.

The hospital authorities pay me £2

When Coroners LAUGH

Even coroners sometimes laugh. Into the grim transactions of their courts there creeps unexpected humour.

"The axles of all motor-cars should be tested to the breaking point," declared a jury in its rider to a road smash verdict.

Between such flashes of light relief occur some of the tensest human dramas of modern times.

Amazing stories from his own experience are told by Dr. Edwin Smith, the West London coroner, in the *Passing Show*, now on sale. It is an article that brings to life the bald newspaper reports of inquest proceedings, and is one you cannot afford to miss.

for each pint of my blood, this amount being afterwards collected from the patient. As a rule, however, little more than half a pint is required, but I always give a little more as "make weight."

It might be thought that the patients whose lives I save would reward me apart from my fee. But this hardly ever happens, the reason being that most of the patients treated at the hospital are poor.

Generally I find that before the transfusion they are extremely grateful to me, and it has happened more than once that even well-to-do people have insisted on kissing my hand.

Women's thanks

Later, when they are recovered, these same patients literally refuse to look at me and turn their heads away if they meet me in the street. I think it is because the idea that I have somehow got inside them makes them self-conscious.

The behaviour of the women is particularly interesting. In almost every case I have found that they are not only grateful to me before the transfusion but fall in love with me.

It is true that this love only lasts until they get the required blood. In most cases, as soon as they have recovered, they forget all about me.

Once a woman suffering from pernicious anaemia fell on her knees before me, begging me to save her life and declaring her love for me. I gave her a pint of blood, and after the transfusion she gave me £1, but there was no word of sentiment. A good tip—but was that the value she attached to her love?

It might be thought that a person like myself would have to live on a special diet. But neither before nor after transfusions do I observe any special régime.

Happy knowledge

My breakfast consists of a glass of water or a glass of wine. As a rule I have a meatless lunch, but my evening meal always includes a meat course. I do not eat more than the average man of my age. I lead a regular life and indulge in gymnastics.

The knowledge that I hold the world's record as a transfusionist, and have saved the lives of dozens of people who would have died but for me, makes me proud of my strange profession. I feel I have a purpose in life above "having a good time."

JOHN BULL Can help you too!



"A FRIEND came along after the fire and asked if I were insured. I said 'No.' He then sat down and casually picked up a copy of JOHN BULL. 'What about this?' he said—'You are, of course, covered by JOHN BULL? Thank God I was, and with the money I subsequently received I was able to replace the things I had lost.'"

How a reader came home from work to find his house in flames, and how in the stress of the moment he FORGOT that he had registered for JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance is revealed in a letter received recently from Mr. Ellis Lawrenson, of 86, Mulberry Avenue, Eccleston, St. Helens. "I now realise," he said, "that the best work I ever did was when I insured under your Free Insurance."

Don't forget that besides giving you the most wonderful paper in the world for twopence, JOHN BULL also offers you the greatest Free Family Insurance.

Practical Protection

Below are a few of the risks covered by JOHN BULL:—

Fire up to £1,000; Burglary and Housebreaking, up to £200; Storm and Flood, up to £300; Accidents in Home and Garden, up to £200; Children's Accidents, £2; Sports Accidents, up to £500; Sickness, £10 10s.

Are you insured? How would you answer the question? A substantial cheque from JOHN BULL is better than vain regrets. Register now on the forms below.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident & Burglary—"John Bull" covers you free.

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**A NATURAL REMEDY
& LIFE-GIVING TONIC**

PHILLIPS YEAST IS LIVE YEAST in its most active form, absolutely pure, free from other organisms. It stimulates digestion, prevents the formation of toxins and purifies the entire digestive system. It is an invaluable remedy for all who suffer from indigestion in any form. By taking Phillips Yeast, nutrition is improved; the blood is purified and enriched; and troubles of nervous origin soon disappear.

LIVE YEAST MUST BE PURE

... PHILLIPS Live Yeast, owing to the care and skill exercised in its preparation is **ABSOLUTELY PURE**.

**QUITE HARMLESS...
CONTAINS NO DRUG**

PHILLIPS YEAST

will raise the standard of Health of Millions . . .

- 1. It ensures perfect Digestion and conquers Dyspepsia.
- 2. It reduces Uric Acid, the cause of Rheumatism, etc.
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- 5. It dispels Nervous Depression, Neurasthenia and Insomnia.
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WRITE FOR BOOKLET explaining the beneficial action of PHILLIPS YEAST to Phillips Yeast Products Ltd., (Dept. 32), Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.

Phillips Yeast is specially recommended for INDIGESTION

... read this remarkable Testimony from a Glasgow gentleman, writing 29/3/33:

"I have been a martyr to indigestion for years and have tried all the known remedies. You may know how bad I have been that I had to put my fingers down my throat, but my wife told me to try your YEAST GRANULES and now I am in a new world and will never be without them."

...This striking testimonial is absolutely genuine and unsolicited... the original may be inspected at the Head Office of PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD., Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.

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One 1/3 bottle of PHILLIPS Live Yeast will

- Improve your **DIGESTION**
- Tone up your **NERVES**
- Give your **BLOOD** a 'Spring-clean' and make you... **as fit as a fiddle!**

PHILLIPS Live Yeast ensures perfect assimilation of all food consumed, builds up a reserve of strength to resist illness of every kind and makes you **FEEL YEARS YOUNGER** . . . It converts a jaded, tired person into a being instinct with **LIFE, VIGOUR and ENERGY**.

To ensure the fullest benefit Phillips Yeast should be taken *actually* with food during the first half of the meal. The dose is quite small . . . just enough to cover a sixpence.

PHILLIPS Yeast contains **no drug** and is not a Patent Medicine.

15 days supply for 1/3 'FAMILY SIZE' - - - 3/-
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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

Age

Address

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
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Available for Stomach Complaints, Head Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and General Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylor's, Finsbury Wharf, and most Chemists and Stores. 8/- and 5/- per Bottle, or per 30-60 extra in U.K. from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARNLEY, LEEDS. V.166

GRAVES TENNIS OUTFIT

A FREE TRIAL
of the famous
EADE'S PILLS
for
RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, sciatica, lumbago, or any rheumatic complaint, buy a 3/- bottle of Eade's Pills from any chemist to-day. If after you have taken three-quarters of the contents you are not satisfied that they are doing you good, you can return the bottle with its remaining contents and original wrapper to George Eade, Ltd. (Dept. 4K), 232, Goswell-road, London, E.C.1, and

Your Money will be Refunded

This offer remains open for one month and applies only to 3/- and 6/- bottles of Eade's Pills. Eade's Pills are the most famous remedy for rheumatism in the world. They have 87 years' reputation in every country and climate, and their thousands of testimonials would be the wonder and envy of the medical fraternity.

£50 REWARD

will be paid to anyone proving that Eade's testimonials are not unsolicited appreciations from the public. Read this one:

22, Bartholomew Street, Newbury, 27th Jan., 1933.
Sir,—Your pills did my rheumatic gout time good in 24 hours, than my doctor did in a month.
G. E. WHITEHORN.

87 YEARS' REPUTATION. 3/- & 6/- A BOTTLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE Booklet on the treatment and diet for rheumatism, also free sample of Eade's Anodyne which is most useful when used in conjunction with Eade's Pills. All post free on application to above address.

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Same quality as our men's 'Flight' model with Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Waterproof Saddles, Hans Renold Chain, bright parts Chromium Plated, and set of Accessories. Bargain Price is £17.10. No charge for instalments. Delivered Carriage Paid for 52 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. Gent's model same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile's Cycles. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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OUR
LETTER PARLIAMENT

How
I Was
Disillusioned

DISILLUSIONMENT came to me during my school days. Life seemed to me an endless round of lessons, games and holidays.

Then one day my father asked me what I was going to be when I grew up. "I don't want to be anything," I replied. "I just want to live here with you and mum for ever."

Then he explained to me that life was not a round of pleasure, but a struggle to exist, and that unless one worked, one starved, and the better the position obtained, the better the chances of obtaining food and happiness.—A. James, Birmingham.

Little Romance

When eighteen I thought how wonderful it would be to become a nurse in a big hospital and wear that uniform around which novelists weave such romantic stories.

After a year of it I was sadly disillusioned. I found very little romance, but plenty of suffering, hard work, long hours and small pay.

I must confess, however, that once having tasted hospital life one finds it difficult to break away altogether, in spite of the drudgery.—A. L., Kilburn.

Dear Damages

I once learned that a court of law dispensed justice or gave redress when one was grievously wronged. How I was to be disillusioned!

My small but prospering business, which earned for myself and family a decent living, began to suffer terribly from malicious tongues. I was literally forced to seek the law's protection. A writ for slander followed.

After endless delay, the case was heard. Then an adjournment for further evidence, more delay, more fees.

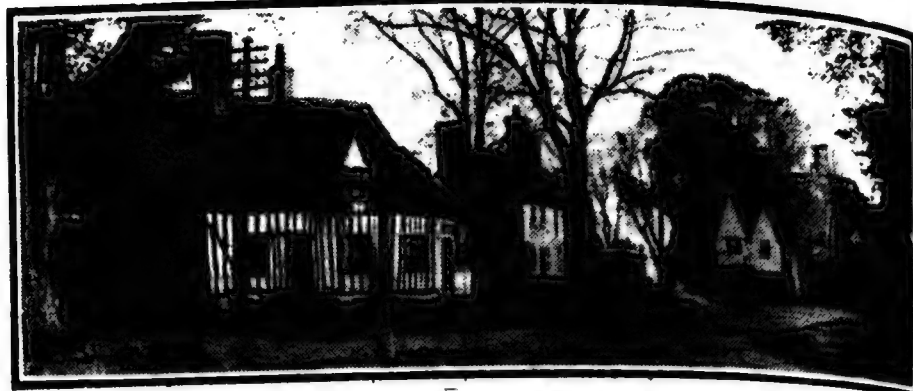
At long last a "favourable" verdict and "damages." I recovered a tenth of what I had lost.—M. B., Sheffield.

Two-Edged

"If you love me, you will divorce me, in order that I can marry —"

We had been married seven years when the woman who was then my wife flung out this heartless demand at me.

I was stunned. My faith in humanity



He left a lovely little village like this. But when he returned...

Up to Date

I visited the scenes of my childhood after an absence of thirty years. All looked strange and unfamiliar as I approached the old village. A broad white road stretched before me; new red-roofed villas flanked it on each side.

The old whitewashed inn was replaced with a large, red-bricked hotel. The old smithy had been swept away; a modern petrol-station had been erected in its place. Even the old village shop had gone; an up-to-date grocery store supplanted it.

Disappointed and disillusioned, I returned to my home in the city.—A. J. Bedminster.

Parents' Reward

My wife and I gave our all for our son. For years we never had an outing together so that he might enjoy life to the full.

Dancing lessons, music, a motor-cycle—we met all his wishes. We sent him to college, but unfortunately he was expelled.

Then, for the first time, his mother mildly expostulated with him. He struck her, and with a curse he slammed the door and left us.

That is ten years ago, and not a word has been heard of him since.—E. S. P. Totton.

From the Air

I was a wonderfully happy bride, eagerly awaiting the first anniversary of my wedding-day. My husband, away a great deal on business, had arranged to get back home for the celebration, for a week.

We had three wonderful days. On the fourth evening we were listening to the radio when an SOS was broadcast: "Will Mr. — please go immediately to — hospital, where his wife is in a critical condition."

It was my "husband's" name—in full—and one glance at his face was enough to confirm the dreadful truth.—D. E. Harrow.

Returned Home

Demobilised after four years' war service, I was deeply interested in the Empire emigration proposals. Idleness in my own country led me to accept the idea of settlement overseas in the hope of future prosperity.

Canada can hardly be said to give emigrants a hearty welcome, and afterwards the reason was plain.

Finding the cities hopelessly overrun by unemployed men, I travelled out West looking for farm work. Too much cheap foreign immigration had destroyed that chance. So, thoroughly disillusioned about emigration as a cure for unemployment, I returned home.—James Thornton, Hull.

Filled with an intense love of music, as a boy I determined to become a professional musician. I was soon brought to earth. I found mechanical music everywhere, thousands of expert musicians in dire poverty, and the public taste in music depraved.—B. Davies, London.

When I knew myself. No better, no worse, than the rest of mankind.—T. L. M., Blackburn.

I married eighteen years ago; we have lived apart seventeen years and now months. The law says this must continue as long as we both live, unless one of us commits adultery.—W. B., Clifton, Heaton.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach us by first post Tuesday, May 2.

When My Prayer was Answered

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for April 29

ENGLISH CUP FINAL.

EVERTON v. Manchester City, at Wembley.

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) DERBY v. Newcastle.
- (2) ARSENAL v. Huddersfield.
- (3) W.B. ALBION v. Liverpool.
- (4) SUNDERLAND v. Portsmouth.
- (5) Birmingham v. Leicester.
- (6) Blackburn v. Aston Villa.
- (7) Blackpool v. Wolves.
- (8) Leeds v. Middlesbrough.
- (9) WEDNESDAY v. Bolton.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) WEST HAM v. Tottenham.
- (2) BURY v. Stoke.
- (3) MILLWALL v. Forest.
- (4) CHESTERFIELD v. Oldham.
- (5) FULHAM v. Grimsby.
- (6) LINCOLN v. Manchester U.
- (7) NOTTS C. v. Bradford.
- (8) PORT VALE v. Plymouth.
- (9) SOUTHAMPTON v. Charlton.
- (10) Swansea v. Burnley.
- (11) BRADFORD CITY v. Preston.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Northampton v. Reading.
- (2) SWINDON v. Watford.
- (3) TORQUAY v. Aldershot.
- (4) BRENTFORD v. Bristol R.
- (5) EXETER v. Q.P. Rangers.
- (6) BOSCOMBE v. Gillingham.
- (7) Bristol C. v. NORWICH.
- (8) Orient v. Cardiff.
- (9) COVENTRY v. Brighton.
- (10) LUTON v. Southend.
- (11) Newport v. C. Palace.

NORTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Gateshead v. CHESTER.
- (2) HULL CITY v. Crewe.
- (3) WREXHAM v. Accrington.
- (4) BARNLEY v. Rochdale.
- (5) Darlington v. Carlisle.
- (6) DONCASTER v. York.
- (7) HALIFAX v. Mansfield.
- (8) HARTLEPOOL v. Southport.
- (9) STOCKPORT v. Barrow.
- (10) TRANMERE v. Rotherham.
- (11) WALSALL v. N. Brighton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) HEARTS v. St. Johnstone.
- (2) Hamilton v. RANGERS.
- (3) Queen's Park v. Aberdeen.
- (4) Airdrie v. ST. MIRREN.
- (5) Cowdenbeath v. MOTHERWELL.
- (6) E. Stirling v. Dundee.
- (7) KILMARNOCK v. Falkirk.
- (8) MORTON v. Clyde.
- (9) Partick v. Third Lanark.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the Daily Herald and Sporting Life each Friday morning. Example Code.—Div. I.—9(H); Div. II.—5(H); Southern Section.—4(H); Northern Section.—2(H); Scottish League 2(A) would indicate Wednesday, Fulham, Brentford, Hull City and Rangers.

DOES WEAKNESS 'weight' Your Limbs

Why continue to struggle on through life dragging with you a burden of Weakness and Poor Health, which robs you of your appetite, your energy, your sleep, your good looks and all the pleasures of life?

19 HEALTH INGREDIENTS

Begin at once to take a course of **DR. CASSELL TABLETS**—the great Revitalising Tonic which is every day enabling thousands to break free from the leaden weights of Suffering. Let them restore your health and renew your vigour and strength through the wonderful power of their 19 Special Health Ingredients.

Dr. Cassell Tablets cannot help but do you good—whatever your age and however long you have suffered. Even though your health is completely broken down and Blood, Nerves, Stomach, Kidneys and Muscles are all affected—Dr. Cassell Tablets contain just the ingredients to put you right.

Your **NERVES** are strengthened and rebuilt by the wonderful **NERVE TONICS!**

Your **BLOOD** is enriched and purified by the marvellous **BLOOD NUTRIENTS!**

Your **DIGESTION** is fortified and put right by the remarkable **DIGESTIVES & STOMACHICS!**

Your **VITALITY & MENTAL GRIP** is restored by the powerful **HYPHOSPHITES!**

Thus, attacked from every quarter, your health trouble **CANNOT STAY**—it simply **MUST GO!!** So why suffer? Start taking Dr. Cassell brand Tablets **TO-DAY!**

SWORN TESTIMONY

DR. CASSELL TABLETS MADE ME YOUNGER AND STRONGER IN A WEEK.

"**EMILY MANN** of Norbury in the County of London, solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

My age is 67, but in energy and spirits I feel 45. A year ago I thought that my energetic days were over. I was feeling old. My youth seemed gone beyond recall. The days seemed to drag, work to get harder and my life less and less interesting.

Through taking Dr. Cassell Tablets I regained my youth and health. Before I had been taking them a

week I felt stronger and younger. And I have continued to feel more energetic and more youthful ever since.

I desire to make this testimony in the hope that other sufferers will read it and be convinced of the health properties of Dr. Cassell Tablets. I cannot speak too highly in praise of this wonderful tonic and urge every man and woman whose health is poor to take Dr. Cassell Tablets and enjoy the health, youth and happiness that I do."

(Signed) Emily Mann before me William D. Mercer, A Commissioner for Oaths.

Are YOU
Chained down

By

HEAD PAINS
INDIGESTION
DEBILITY
ANÆMIA
BAD NERVES
INSOMNIA
KIDNEY
TROUBLE
WEAK
STOMACH
LASSITUDE
Malnutrition
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS
Neurasthenia
BREAKDOWN
?



Secure a 1/3 bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.

Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets

All Chemists, 1'3 & 3' - Per Bottle

Huge PENSION plus CASH prize!

£100 YEAR FOR £500 CASH

ONE LUMP SUM OF £1,250

£100
BETWEEN
ALL
RUNNERS-
UP

£100
BETWEEN
RUNNERS-UP
WHO HAVE SENT
TWO 6th ENTRIES
IN THE SAME
ENVELOPE

Nine "Crossword Gazette" readers qualified for £5 Bonus with prizes won in Competition No. 207. Register yourself on Coupon provided.

FOR the second week in succession our huge 2-in-1 Crossword Prize has been won outright—this time it is a Newcastle-on-Tyne reader of our free "Crossword Gazette" who has the pleasure of choosing a lump sum of £1,250 or £500 cash with £100 a year for life.

She weighed up the Clues, made her decisions and now she can buy the bungalow she has longed for. Now it is up to you to study the problem below and see what you can do.

Start to-night. And remember that even if you just miss the chief prize, there is as much as £500 cash to be divided among the Runners-up as announced.

Enter by noon, Thursday, May 4—and if you would welcome a £5 Bonus with your prize, register now for our free weekly "Crossword Gazette."

QUALIFY WITH THIS BONUS COUPON

A big Extra Bonus of £5 will be added to any prize you win in Crossword No. 211, provided that by Thursday, May 4, you have registered as a reader of "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." Entries registered for "Bull's" Bulletin, with which "Gazette" is enclosed, are already qualified and must not re-register.

I enclose 6d. P.O. No. "Crossword" & Co. and payable to "John Bull," covering postage on 12 weekly issues of the new free weekly "Crossword Gazette."

NAME

ADDRESS

POST TO-DAY TO "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" DEPT. 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2. Do not enclose with Crossword entry.

N.B.—Five winners in Crossword No. 205 were registered readers of our "Crossword Gazette"—each will receive an extra £5 accordingly.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash (or a lump sum of £1,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest to correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 11, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 18, 1933.

CLUES ACROSS

- Are made with ribbons
- What Cupid aims at
- Where pedestrians get slaughtered
- Indian coin
- Three feathers form the Prince's
- Usually goes with "curds"
- What jolly should do
- Mr. Parker's other name
- What some comedians are not
- Clean by rubbing
- Precious stone
- Central
- Boxing's called a noble one
- Wrath
- A leaning to one side
- Plant that gives us bitter medicine
- Put away in the hold
- What most people live in
- Hot water may be the cause of this
- Obtain
- More sensitive extremity of the body

CLUES DOWN

- Suggests he's an open-air worker
- Made by skilled hand
- Burglars often do this
- Keep your weather one open
- Bigger than a mouse
- Shows you're in distress
- Your brother's daughter
- Sign of annoyance
- Makes things look better
- Reply which makes him happy
- Encourages her young man
- Smoke rises and does this
- Be prudent if you have one in your eye
- Lover anxiously awaits his
- For fastening iron plates
- Umpire watches it very, very carefully
- May be a tough old bird
- In addition to
- Half one is better than no bread
- May prevent bulbs' growth.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s/ Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, May 4, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENCE ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 18, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, May 30, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE.

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling.
See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 209

Winners in 209 on page 37. Result of 209 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 209 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW. These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

BOWS H A T
O DW N A
CR S IN
WH S
N S Y C M
CO M
M D A T
GE A FT
IG B S A
HO S L
GE T HF

BOWS H A T
O DW N A
CR S IN
WH S
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GE A FT
IG B S A
HO S L
GE T HF

BOWS H A T
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IG B S A
HO S L
GE T HF

BOWS H A T
O DW N A
CR S IN
WH S
N S Y C M
CO M
M D A T
GE A FT
IG B S A
HO S L
GE T HF

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE. A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between shared Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 211—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 4.

BOWS H A T
O DW N A
CR S IN
WH S
N S Y C M
CO M
M D A T
GE A FT
IG B S A
HO S L
GE T HF

BOWS H A T
O DW N A
CR S IN
WH S
N S Y C M
CO M
M D A T
GE A FT
IG B S A
HO S L
GE T HF

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

enclose P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 211—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 4.

BOWS H A T
O DW N A
CR S IN
WH S
N S Y C M
CO M
M D A T
GE A FT
IG B S A
HO S L
GE T HF

BOWS H A T
O DW N A
CR S IN
WH S
N S Y C M
CO M
M D A T
GE A FT
IG B S A
HO S L
GE T HF

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED

ADDRESS

enclose P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ADDRESS "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 211,
ENTRY—**
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

If entering two Double Entry
Forms cut them out separately—
add name and address to each

THE Editor

Specialist (Andover).—
"While an occasional mud-
bath is beneficial, too many
are definitely not good for
one." Motorists don't care.



LAUGHS LAST

A. P. (Stepney).—"Big men
make dutiful husbands." So do
big women.

PHILOSOPHER (Stamford).—"Right is
might." You might be right.

Mrs. B. (Bodmin).—"Is it a crime to
get stout?" After hours, yes.

Mrs. T. (Weeley).—"Could you read my
character from my writing?" Maybe, if
we could read your writing.

A. D. (Selkirk).—"The wearing of fur
coats among women is merely a matter
of habit." Or rabbit.

F. K. (Goole).—"I enclose an article
on the Australian boomerang." It's wing-
ing its way back.

R. A. (Staines).—"I practised riding a
spirited horse every day for a month."
But on and off, of course.

S. M. (Shanklin).—"I have spent more
than ever on seeds for the garden this
year." Being a true bird lover.

E. P. (Herne Hill).—"I don't think that
children really need a yearly holiday."
Maybe not, but their teachers do.

F. K. (Cardiff).—"A mosquito can fly
for fourteen hours without alighting."
But it seldom does.

A. L. L. (Burton).—"I am always happy
to drink anybody's good health." Even
to the extent of ruining your own.

R. F. M. (Park Lane).—"Certain West
End hotels are now selling threepenny
sandwiches." Yes, but how much are
they charging for them?

R. K. (Hemel Hempstead).—"Does the
average man agree with the views of the
modern woman?" Yes—if he's married
to her.

W. S. (Newquay).—"Just after I had
finished singing my last song at the con-
cert I completely lost my voice." Too
late.

B. R. (Hereford).—"What small-town
dweller could walk along the street and
meet nobody he knew?" The local
tailor.

A. L. (Wetherby).—"The hippopotamus
often remains under water for several
days." So should we if we had a face
like that.

T. W. (Raynes Park).—"I'm fed up
with reading of so many national ques-
tions." Like most of us, you would wel-
come a few answers.

MOLLY (Luton).—"I am crazy to go on
the stage." We quite agree.

T. H. (Barnet).—"My wife helped me
to finish my first book." A cheque-book?

T. W. (Chelmsford).—"Telling fortunes
by cards is all nonsense." A pack of lies.

F. J. (March).—"Why do business men
write so badly?" To disguise their bad
spelling, of course.

CURIOUS (Orfild).—"Why do people sign
a round robin?" In an endeavour to get
a square deal.

D. E. (Oswestry).—"A naturalist is
searching for a rare butterfly with one
eye." Why not use both?

Mrs. O. (Swansea).—"Is there anything
a man makes without bragging about it?"
Yes, a mistake.

TAILOR (Manchester).—"One of my cus-
tomers suggests that I write my memoirs."
Using some of your usual padding?

C. J. (Tavistock).—"I sometimes think
my brain is disordered a trifle." No sense
in worrying over a little thing like that.

T. W. (Ilford).—"I wish my typists
would keep their schoolgirl complexion."
Instead of leaving it on your coat for
the wife to see?

F. P. J. (Basingstoke).—"We English-
men do not seem to be as tall as we were."
No. Taxation has made us shorter every
year.

D. T. (Oldham).—"The English Foot-
ball Cup is coming North." And the
money that was put on the Southern
clubs has gone West.

E. B. (Hounslow).—"Some African
natives give their faces a pale grey hue
by using a special dye." Income-tax
notices often have the same effect in this
country.

MISS C. M. (Doncaster).—"What do you
do when your wireless set keeps going on
and off?" Tune in to *Bullets* on page 43.
There you will find 25 Radio Gramo-
phones which will keep going on and on
—and £295 cash as well.

G. M. (Iver).—"Bottles were thrown
during a Parliamentary sitting in a South
American State." Fortunately this method
of catching the Speaker's eye is not gener-
ally used.

R. T. (York).—"I have just heard of a
manufacturer who gives his wife dress
material which he has woven himself."
We also know husbands who spin yarns
for their wives.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Dunfermline).—"It is
necessary for two persons to live in the
same house for a fortnight in order to
know each other properly." Hollywood
actresses have evidently no desire to be-
come well acquainted with their hus-
bands.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled
by any matter you
can obtain free
expert advice that
will help you. A
stamped and ad-
dressed envelope is
all that you have to
send with your query.
JOHN BULL does the
rest. Write to-day.
The replies given on
this page to facetious
correspondents are for
your entertainment.

NOSEY (Peckham).—"Who
started the non-stop craze?"
Cooks.

F. M. (Preston).—"The
dancer has two chief
His feet!

J. M. (Greenock).—"Is it wrong
to take a girl out for an evening
and not spend any money on her?"
Impossible.

G. R. (Barnet).—"I intend to show my
wife who is boss in this house." But why
trouble when no doubt she knows?

MOTORIST (Hounslow).—"Many motor
accidents are caused by loose nuts."
Especially when they're at the wheel.

J. J. (Carsham).—"A presumably wild
bird in my garden perches on my head
every morning." A woodpecker?

Mrs. C. (Brixton).—"My neighbour and
I are not on speaking terms." That gives
you more time to talk about each other.

H. F. (Stroud).—"The police are in-
vestigating a local colony of nudists here."
Do they hope to pin something on them?

COLLECTOR (Coventry).—"The average
person couldn't pick out a valuable vase
from several others." Unfortunately for
our maid did.

W. A. G. (Cheetham).—"I wonder if
my son will ever realise how much he
owes to me as a father." For your sake
hope he doesn't.

H. J. L. (Fallowfield).—"Where have all
the good old-fashioned summers gone?"
Probably to look for all the good
old-fashioned winters.

W. P. M. (Petersfield).—"A lot of
trouble is due to the fact that man does
not love his neighbour." Or else loves
his neighbour's wife.

R. W. (Colchester).—"A girl staying at
this hotel has such a brogue that I can-
not understand a word she says." Snap
her up quickly and marry her.

M. P. (London, W.).—"Not a sound
came from the opposition while I was
making my speech." Well, one can't
own and hiss at the same time.

P. K. (Hindley).—"Doors are opened by
an invisible ray in the house of an
American scientist." And vacuum-cleaner
men ejected by an automatic foot?

P. F. (Portsmouth).—"I am going to
give my piano to my daughter on her
marriage." But why let everybody know
and spoil her chances?

JOHN (Crewe).—"I have been asked to
be a pretty young widow in hospital
from I first met at school. What had I
better take?" Care.

J. H. G. (Nuneaton).—"The bell in the
back of an American church rings out
modern tune." This is known as moving
with the times.

DOCTOR (Newcastle).—"People can
prevent themselves from snoring."
If they need to do is to switch off the
tires before the lecturer really gets
started.

F. R. (Ilford).—"Many girls are wear-
ing trousers nowadays." We understand
that an enterprising manufacturer is pro-
ducing cards of handy bachelorette
stations.

H. N. (Chiswick).—"Who is the busiest
man in a Hollywood film studio?" He
who has to scrape the names of job-
holders off their doors when they are
asked.



DAMSON
at the
DOG
SHOW

"Lost NERVE POWER"

The Great Problem of Modern Life

When people suffer from Sleeplessness, De-
pression, Loss of Energy, Brain Fag, or general
debility, they usually fly to some "tonic" which
is futile and often harmful, because the Nervous
System requires Nourishment, not Stimulation.

Nervous exhaustion, being simply starvation
of the Nerve Cells, the sufferer does not suffi-
ciently extract from his daily food the concen-
trated nutrient the Nerve Cells thrive upon.

No ordinary medicine or tonic can replace this
lost nutritive substance. Nothing has been proved
to be more effective for this purpose than the
brand of concentrated nerve food advocated by
Dr. Muller, far and away the best in its class. No
cooking or preparation is required. You simply
eat four or five pieces a day, any time, but
preferably after meals, and keep this practice up
for a few weeks, when you will not know yourself
as the same person. Dr. Muller's preparation is
identical with the natural nutrient the nerve cells
absorb. It is a marvellous reconstructive in
mental and physical exhaustion, and revitalizes
the brain and nerve centres in a natural way.

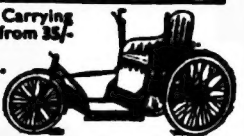
The principles of the modern preservation of
health teaches us "to prevent." It is better to
think in good time "What CAN I do for my
health?" than to one day have to say "What
MUST I do for my sickness?" Do not wait for
all the signs of complete nervous breakdown.

If you send your name and address, a sample
box, sufficient for seven days, will be sent post
free, together with a copy of "The Way to
Health," of which 250,000 copies have been
circulated. Write 105 B, The Muller Laboratories,
27, Manchester Street, Manchester Square,
London, W.1.

The Dr. Muller Nutrient Brand of Concentrated
Nerve Food is sold by all good Chemists.

HARDING'S

Bath, Merlin and Stair Carrying
Chairs: Folding Chairs from 35/-
Carriage Paid.
Cash or Terms.



Harley No. 2.
Hand, Motor and Elec-
trically propelled Models,
from £14. Full particulars
in our richly illustrated
catalogue, free on
request.

R.A. HARDING, 19, Lower Bristol Road, BATH

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appli-
ance has been invented for men, women,
and children that cures Rupture.

Sent on Trial

If you have tried almost everything else, come
to us. Where others fail is where we have our
greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day
and we will send you free our illustrated book on
Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving
you prices, and names of many people who have
tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant
relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no
salves, no harness, no ties.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks. In-
ventor of the Appliance, who cured himself,
and whose experience has since benefited
thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a
strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and
we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or
poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that
what we say is true. You are the judge, and once
having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will
be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose
letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon
below and post to-day to either the London or Man-
chester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(4221), 22, Cannon Lane, London, W.1.
(4221), 111, Cannon Lane, Cannon Street,
Cannon Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper,
your illustrated Book and full information about
your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME

ADDRESS

Please write
plainly)

If Your Mirror Says SPRING RASH



-say

"Germolene"

Brand Ointment

**KILLS ITCHING
& IRRITATION
in 1 MINUTE!**

to your chemist!

THIS year, don't let itching, unsightly Spring Rash ruin your complexion! When the first insignificant spots appear, DON'T neglect them. DON'T think, "Oh, they'll soon go," . . . because they WON'T. There's only ONE thing to do—reach for the GERMOLENE tin! Inside sixty short seconds irritation GOES—the inflamed blotchy patches begin to DISAPPEAR! Then the special skin-and-tissue building properties in Germolene set to work, and in a day or two you'll find your skin once more clear and healthy. That's how ASEPTIC Germolene works . . . and remember ONLY Germolene has the wonderful three-fold ASEPTIC action, as simple as it is effective.

RASH goes in only 2 DAYS!

"My face and arms were covered with red spots. Nothing I tried was any good; indeed, they spread and I was in despair. Then I tried a tin of GERMOLENE OINTMENT. To my amazement most of the spots had gone down by Tuesday. I bought another tin, and by Wednesday my skin was clear. I was able to go to a party, and several people remarked how clear my skin looked."—R. L. H., Westcliff.

**This is how the Amazing
ASEPTIC Action Works.**

- 1 Soothes at a touch; starts rapid healing IMMEDIATELY.
- 2 Gently EJECTS germs and poisons; never burns them out.
- 3 Heals the worst Wound in record time—without scars.

**For CUTS, BURNS, RASH,
SCALDS, ECZEMA, ACNE,
BAD LEGS, SORES, etc.**

FREE! Send a post-card to the

Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, for the Germolene Booklet on the Treatment of Skin Troubles—obtainable free of charge.



1/3 & 3/-

New Life in a New "Bullets" Home!

"I HAVE a home which any working man might well be proud of!"

Those are the words of a man who only a few months ago, was almost at the end of his resources. Workless and without prospects of employment, marriage and a home to be proud of seemed far away indeed.

The change in the outlook of this man, Mr. J. W. Coleman, then living at 25, Dorset Road, Clapham, S.W., is just another miracle worked by a big *Bullets* prize.

For him our competition had for months been a gripping hobby. And the small prizes which came along for his efforts told him that something big might well be just round the bend of the *Bullets* road.

"Perhaps, one Friday," he encouraged himself, "that telegram from JOHN BULL may be for me."

Well, that is exactly what happened. Returning home after a weary search for work one Friday afternoon, he found the magic telegram which informed him that a *Bullet* he had made, *Job For A Hero—"FIXING" IRELAND—"MOVING" GENEVA*, had won the First Prize of £300.

"I shall never forget that day," Mr. Coleman told a JOHN BULL representative who recently called at his new address. "My prize has given me a new view of life—a new life, to be more exact."

As living proof of that fact he introduced his charming wife, to whom *Bullets* has brought marriage sooner than she could ever have hoped. He looked with quiet satisfaction round this new home of his at 39, Heyford Avenue, South Lambeth, S.W. "Yes, *Bullets* have really started me in life," he said.

"People seem to re-

GET THIS FREE AID

What are Mr. and Mrs. Coleman reading in the picture above? That great little weekly which has helped hundreds of readers to secure *Bullets* prizes—our free *Bullets Bulletin*.

Every Thursday you can receive by post this invaluable guide to success, accompanied by John Bull's helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* entertaining *Couplets* *Courier*. This 3-in-1 journal is free—you pay only the half-penny postage upon it.

The very next issue of this threefold competition budget may contain that First Prize hint you need, so fill in the coupon on the opposite page to-day!



"Bullets" started them in life

gard me as 'somebody' now," he went on with a smile, "simply because I've achieved something which they have not. But I assure them a *Bullets* First Prize is something which is within the reach of all.

"And what is more," he added cheerfully, "I had the choice of three jobs soon after my success.

But not being blessed with reliable employment, I still have my eye on a *Bullets* Pension-plus-Cash prize."

To-day a 600-Guinea cheque is waiting to bring the winner twice as much sunshine as Mr. Coleman is enjoying. A record batch of twenty-five Radio Gramophones, with accompanying cheques, is waiting, too.

You must not wait, however. Your entry must be in by Saturday, May 6, if you are to score in this last huge offer of *Bullets* Radio Gramophone Month.

OVER £5,800 WON IN COMPETITION No. 888.

FIRST PRIZE 5,000 GUINEAS

OR £10 A WEEK FOR LIFE, £1,000 CASH AND MOTOR-CAR.

Mr. C. BOTTOMS, 12, Reid Street, Dundee, N.B.

Example:—FOR SERVICES RENDERED

Bullet:—KING "PINNED ON CROSS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. S. ASHTON, 6, Wheatcroft Road, Rawmarsh, Rotherham.

Example:—With a Smile

Bullet:—Sightless "Show Us Way."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. E. BLUNN, 78, 12th Avenue, Low Hill, Wolverhampton.

Example:—His Best Pal

Bullet:—"Touches" Him, Offering Money.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £40:

Mrs. W. F. SIEBERT, 25, Vivian Avenue, Wembley.

Example:—Still

Bullet:—Sunniest, In "Oak's" Shade.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £30:

H. TENNET, 28, Leeholme Avenue, Bishop Auckland
Little Bit Of Heaven—Or Earth—Motherhood's Gamble.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

SIXTH PRIZE OF £25:

S. J. TURNER, 3, Furrugh Cross, St. Marychurch, Torquay.
The Wiser Way—Right Hand, Not Right-hand.

SEVENTH PRIZE OF £20:

Mrs. F. G. ROBERTS, 64, New Road, Solihull, nr. Birmingham
Scrap Those Guns And—See "Another World" Here!

OTHER PRIZES:

£18: F. L. BECKETT, 16, Brompton Avenue, Liverpool.
Bristling With Difficulties—"Whole Hog" For India.

£16: Mrs. M. PENRICE, 122, Main Street, Bury-in-Wharfedale.
Fairly—"Eye For Eye," Blindness.

£14: C. F. ROBERTSON, 50, Sloan Street, Edinburgh.
Voice That Is Still—Crooned—Instructed—Suggested—Inspired.

£12: W. E. HOLLISTER, 37, Prospect Hill, Swindon.
Old And New—Dark Ages—Black Times.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

£10: Mrs. A. E. LANSDELL, Coombe Vale, Saltdean, Brighton.
Little Bit Of Heaven—We Registered As "Stella."

£8: C. CADDY, Oaklynn, Laneslaw Bridge, Colne, Lancs.
Amongst The Debris—Pussyfoot's Statue—Roosevelt's Spring-cleaning.

£6: J. McKINNIE, Bruce Street, Bannockburn, Stirling.
Peaceful World—Make "Your Little One."

5 OF £3 EACH:

M. BRICKNELL, 6, Travis Street, Pendleton, Salford.
Amongst The Debris—Sandwich—That Caused Derailment!

L. T. DOOLLEY, 15, Harleyford Road, Vauxhall, London, S.E.
Peaceful World—His "Will"—Why "Con-test"?

J. FISH, 60, The Avenue, Pelton, Co. Durham.
Down In The Pit—Lessen "Toll"—Rain "Rate."

E. NEELS, 38, Charlton Road, Westbury, Bristol.
With A Smile—"Royal Progress" Is Made.

J. SILCOX, 7, Alexandra Flats, Acton, W.
Little Bit Of Heaven—Shared, Beas "Earth" Alone.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

A list of 50 £5. and 1,000 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.



RECORD CLOSING OFFER OF "BULLETS" RADIO GRAMOPHONE MONTH

600 GUINEAS

ONE OF THESE MAGNIFICENT INSTRUMENTS WILL BE GIVEN AWAY THIS WEEK TO EACH WINNER OF £5 AND £2-10s. BATTERY RADIO AND £10 CASH ALLOWED IF PREFERRED



FINAL OFFER OF 25 RADIO GRAMOPHONES!

THE sensational climax of *Bullets* Radio Gramophone Month is reached to-day. Before you is JOHN BULL's last enormous offer of Cash and Radio Gramophones.

As the result of this final offer, no fewer than twenty-five "Bulletheers" will soon be revelling in the lasting joys of a superb 25-Guinea "Pye" Radio Gramophone, besides enjoying the solid satisfaction of banking a substantial JOHN BULL cheque.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples on this page.

You might, for instance, select the Example RUNNING WILD, to which you might add the words YOUR FINDING "WALK" TAME, and so complete a typical *Bullet*.

Now spend a few minutes studying the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page, noting carefully their neat arrangement of simple but telling words.

Then begin the fascinating work of making *Bullets* without delay, and make sure that your entry is in not later than Saturday, May 6.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

UPSETS BRITANNIA
GOING TO THE DEVIL
GARDENER RAMSAY
WHEN I'M IN THE SOUP
DUST OF YEARS
WITH NATURE'S HELP
IF DAD WERE DICTATOR
SOUNDS OF REVELRY
LITTLE RAGAMUFFIN
MAN . MARRIED
THE REAL REASON
FORGET THE PAST AND
KEEPS HIM GUESSING
FIRM FOUNDATION
SHOWS HE'S RICH
DROP IN THE OCEAN

STANDING BY
ANOTHER TIME
MAYBE
BOWLED OUT
REFRESHING
RUNNING WILD
FAMILY JOKE
SIMPLE SOUL
BETTER
GUIDING STAR
NEVER FAILS
BRIGHT BOY
FULL OF HOPE
THE WORKER
GOOD VALUE
NO LADY

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 892 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THESE BIG NEW COUPONS!

THIS COUPON BRINGS FREE 3-IN-1 HELP!

TO the practical aid of *Bullets* Bulletin many competitors owe a huge success. Register for a free 12 weeks' supply by posting this coupon to-day and make sure of securing the greatly enlarged 3-in-1 issue, incorporating *Passing Show's* Complete Courier and *John Bull's* Crossword Gazette.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co.," payable to JOHN BULL) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets* Bulletin, commencing with next available issue.

Name

Address

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press, Ltd., 36, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(892) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., May 6 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed

Address

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(892) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., May 6 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed

Address

Put down below the rough ideas which may lead to a big prize!

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(892) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., May 6 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed

Address

Enter full name and address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(892) P.O. No.
Closing SAT., May 6 I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed

Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 892, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

THREE BIG NEW PRIZES—COMING NEXT WEEK!
GREAT FREE MOTORING OFFER

CICFA FOR INDIGESTION

We constantly receive letters from sufferers from Indigestion saying they had tried everything without result until they took Cicfa. This was the case with Mrs. Watson, who writes:—

"IT SEEMED A MIRACLE"

12, Murray Road, Chester-le-Street.

Dear Sirs,—I was a sufferer from Indigestion for about four years, that is, up till about nine months ago. I tried every remedy on the market without success. One day I saw an advertisement in a newspaper about Cicfa. Without much hope of success, I decided to give it a trial. After a good honest trial extending over two months, I was cured, and it seemed that a miracle had happened. I am now able to eat and enjoy a good dinner, a thing I had not done for years. My friends could hardly believe their own eyes at the change in me. All I can say is, I am a most grateful woman, and shall recommend Cicfa whenever I can.

(Sgnd.) Mrs. Mary Watson.

SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

IN THE STOMACH:

GASES in STOMACH with Eructations.

Sharp Neuralgic HEAD-ACHES.

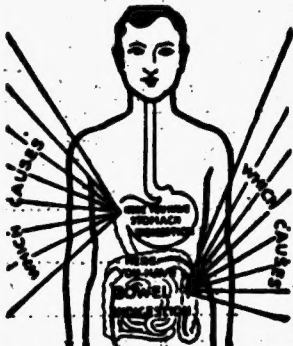
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.

TONGUE coated white all over.

COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.

EATING disliked. Some Nausea.

PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



IN THE BOWEL:

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.

Dull, Heavy HEAD-ACHES.

ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.

TONGUE coated yellow at back.

COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.

EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.

PAINS in Bowel, Gripping and CONSTIPATION.

Cicfa is no ordinary remedy. That is why it benefited Mrs. Watson in what seemed to her a miraculous way. Because it is a scientific combination of natural digestive ferments, it gives immediate relief, and gradually restores the little glands and cells of the digestive organs to perfect health, so that after a time they are able to do their work without assistance. A short trial will convince you that Cicfa is different from anything else you have ever taken for Indigestion. Hundreds of British doctors have written us of the excellent effects they have obtained by its use.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 and 3/- or post free from THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

FREE OFFER TO READERS

BOLSOMS RECORD CLUBS

FINELY FIGURED OAK TOILET PAIR & Crystal TRINKET SET

Toilet Pair as illustrated, well made and polished a rich brown. Framed Plate Mirror on Dressing Table. Trinket Set in Finest Knottling Crystal Ware.

We are offering these articles entirely FREE to you for a few moments of your spare time, introducing to your friends our Monster Catalogue containing hundreds of bargains for the home and for personal use and wear. No samples or stationary to buy, no entrance fee and no cash of any description.

WRITE
NOW

We will be pleased to send you full particulars by return. Address your postcard or letter to:—
Dept. J4,

BOLSOMS'
ASSOCIATED TRADERS LTD.,
Glasgow Terrace, Grosvenor Road, London, S.W.1



WASHDAY DRUDGERY OVER



"A WHITER, EASY WASH NOW"

"So wonderful, having New Rinso to do most of the work for you on washday. I use it for everything — it's simply splendid for boiling and soaking — such creamy lather too for the woollens and coloured things. It's so gentle on the clothes — and just as gentle on my hands," says Mrs. M. MIZON, 7 Belgrave Drive, Hull.



NEW RINSO —
best for boiling as
well as for soaking
and washing. At your
grocers or dealers.
3½d. 6d. 10d.

Here's news! — in the very town where you live hundreds more women did their wash last Monday with New Rinso.

Everywhere thousands of women are leaving old washing ways and turning to this wonderful new way. One delighted housewife advises another to try New Rinso — she is thrilled with it too — so the news spreads and the numbers using it grow and grow!

Such beautifully white clothes! — such light washdays! No rubbing and scrubbing! What housewife wouldn't be enthusiastic!

Next Monday do your wash with New Rinso — you will praise it too — and use it always.

R. S. HUDSON LTD., LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON

R 869-73